

1913







SHAW HIGH ANNUAL



EAST CLEVELAND

1913

To
Ralph A. Brown

in appreciation
of his loyal friendship for all Shaw pupils
the Class of 1913
respectfully dedicates
this book



Ralph A. Brown

MR. Brown was graduated from Case School of Applied Science in 1904, and has been on the faculty of Shaw High School for six years. He has been always a firm friend to Shaw, especially to the Senior classes, with whom he comes into closest contact, and to our class in particular. It is never a trouble for him to do all that is asked of him or to give help and advice. His recitation periods are looked forward to with pleasure, for he never fails to appreciate our difficulties and shortcomings. He is esteemed by all as a teacher, a guide and a friend.

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The header features a stylized illustration of a table setting. In the center is a vase with a bouquet of flowers. To the left and right of the vase are two place settings, each with a glass and a plate. The entire illustration is set against a dark, solid background. The title 'Table of Contents' is written in a large, decorative, serif font across the top of the illustration.

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FACULTY



Faculty

- W. H. KIRK Superintendent and Principal
 B. A. Baldwin University 1887
 M. A. Baldwin University 1890
 Shaw High School 1891-1913
- JOSEPHINE BARNABY Assistant Principal—Mathematics
 Ph. B. Ohio State University 1899
 Shaw High School 1901-13
- JEAN QUAY Second Assistant Principal—History
 B. A. College for Women W. R. U. 1905
 M. A. College for Women W. R. U. 1909
 Shaw High School 1905-13
- FLORENCE G. ADAMS Domestic Art
 Thomas Normal School, Detroit, 1911
 Shaw High School 1911-13
- RALPH A. BROWN Mathematics
 B. S. Case School of Applied Science
 Shaw High School 1907-13
- RUBY M. BYERS Home Economics
 B. S. Ohio State University 1910
 Shaw High School 1910-13
- C. J. CARTER Physics and Chemistry
 B. A. Ohio Wesleyan University 1900
 Shaw High School 1905-13
- HARRIET M. COMSTOCK History and English
 B. A. College for Women W. R. U. 1909
 Shaw High School 1910-13
- ALICE DOYLE DRAKE English
 Ph. B. College for Women W. R. U. 1901
 M. A. Columbia 1904
 Shaw High School 1913
- FLORENCE F. GLEASON Mathematics, Latin and English
 B. A. College for Women W. R. U. 1909
 Shaw High School 1913

JENNIE A. GLEESON	Mathematics and Latin
Ph. B. College for Women W. R. U. 1904. Shaw High School 1906-13.	
RUTH LOUISE GOODWIN	German
B. A. Wellesley College 1906. Shaw High School 1911-13.	
GRACE L. HARTMAN	Biology and Botany
B. A. University of Wooster 1899. M. A. Western Reserve University 1911. Shaw High School 1905-13.	
C. L. JOHNSON	Physics and Natural History
Ohio State University 1909. Shaw High School 1909-13.	
FLORA G. KAUPHOLZ	German
Ph. B. College for Women W. R. U. 1897. Shaw High School 1906-13.	
RUTH KENNAN	German and History
B. A. College for Women W. R. U. 1906. Shaw High School 1909-13.	
E. C. OFFINGER	Physical Education
Y. M. C. A. International Training School 1907. Shaw High School 1907-13.	
MARGARET R. PARSONS	Physical Education
B. A. Ohio Wesleyan University 1899. Shaw High School 1912-13.	
MARY C. PENBERTHY	English
B. A. Oberlin College 1907. Shaw High School 1910-13.	
W. J. RAY	Drawing
Teachers' College. Shaw High School 1892-1913.	
GEORGE A. SKATON	Manual Training
B. S. Case School of Applied Science Shaw High School 1906-13.	
W. A. STEVENS	Mathematics and Latin
M. A. Ohio Wesleyan University 1899. Shaw High School 1909-13.	
MILLICENT A. SWAIN	English
B. A. College for Women W. R. U. 1902. Shaw High School 1901-13.	
BERTHA S. SWOPE	Physical Education
New Haven Normal School. Shaw High School 1908-13.	

ELIZABETH M. TANNERLatin and French
B. A. College for Women W. R. U. 1899
Shaw High School 1901-13

ETHEL R. WHITTINGTONExpression
B. A. Belmont College, Nashville, Tenn
Currey School of Expression, Boston
Shaw High School 1911-13

GAYLE WICKWIREAssistant in English
College for Women W. R. U.
Shaw High School 1913





BOARD OF EDUCATION

H P BLAKE DR G F THRELK DR G H QUAY C A MERMEN W F KYLE

Greeting

"For a' that and a' that,
For a' their numbers large, and a' that,
The school with spirit, tho' e'er so small,
Is King of Schools for a' that."



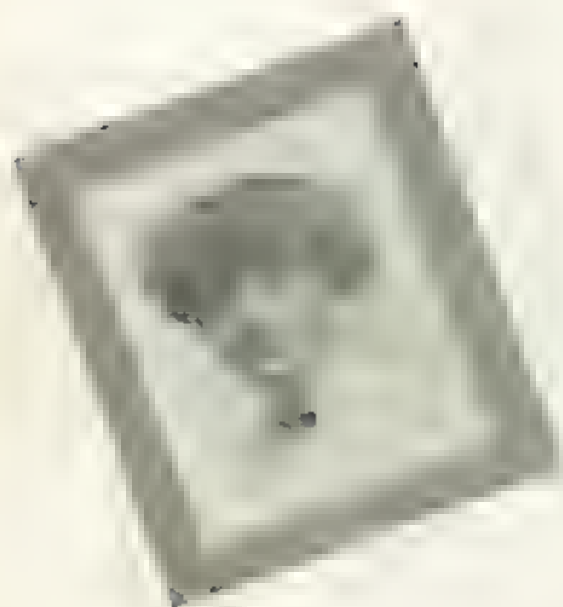
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SENIOR SHAW CLASS

F. HAEDEL

SENIOR OFFICERS



DORIS WHISTLER, *Vice Pres.*



CHARLES ARTHUR R. JR., *President*



IRVING W. DANFORTH, *Sec'y and Treas.*



CHARLES ARTHUR, JR.

*An honest man close buttoned to the chin;
Broadcloth without and a warm heart within*

President of Senior Class
Annual Board
Manager Musical Clubs
Debating Club
Dramatic Club

JULIA L. DAVIESS

There is something fascinating about dimples

Annual Board
Dramatic Club
Girls' Glee Club

CARL MAEDJE

*A little nonsense now and then
Is relished by the best of men*

Annual Board
Debating Club
Orchestra
Glee Club

MOURTON DANIELS CAS

Cares not a pin what they say or may say
Football Team

NORTH R. KING

*Our class will little note or long remember what
he said here.*
But we can never forget what he did here

Manager Football Team
Manager Dramatic Club
Glee Club
Annual Board



DORIS S. WHITSLAR

*She that was ever fair and never proud
Had tongue at will, and yet was never loud*

Vice President of Senior Class
Dramatic Club



EDWARD M. DAVIDSON

*Oh, Ed likes to act, 'tis said
He loves to talk we know
But surely, far above the rest
He loves the girls, all*

Basketball Team



WILLIAM C. BROOKS

*Thou wearest upon thy forehead clear
The freedom of a mountain*



RICHARD C. FINDLEY, JR.

*There so busy a man as he there was
And yet he seemed busier than he was*

Debating Club
Dramatic Club
Glee Club



DOROTHY WHITELAW

Twinkle, twinkle, little star

Dramatic Club
Literary Club



IRVING WILKINS DANFORTH

*The secret of the man
is that he is winning* Interest

Secretary ☐ ☐ ☐
 Annual ☐ ☐ ☐
 Football ☐ ☐ ☐
 Dramatic Club ☐ ☐ ☐
 Glee Club ☐ ☐ ☐
 Baseball ☐ ☐ ☐

ROBERT H. SANBORN

A friend of many and a foe of few

Dramatic Club
 Basketball Team

J. ATLEE SCHAEFFER

*He doth possess two qualities
 That make him king indeed—
 Good nature and obligingness
 We know he will succeed*

Basketball Team

RUTH PHELPS

What sweet delights a quiet life affords!

ALBERT OLDRIFE

*Far may we search before we find
 A heart so manly and so kind*

Track Team



GLADYS WHITE

*Every frowns are fairer for
The smiles of other maidens are*
Dramatic Club



MEAD ROSEBAUGH

Far off his coming shone
Debating Club



WINIFRED SCHROEDER

*Exhausting thought
And living wisdom with each studious year*



RAYMOND ATKINSON

They that govern most, make the least use
Debating Club



ALICE ROBERTS

*The very room coz she was in
Seemed warm from floor to ceiling*
Dramatic Club
Girls' Glee Club



MADELEINE HAMLIN

Infinite riches in a little room



FLORENCE WALSH

Thy modesty is a candle to thy merit

Literary Club

KURT SEELBACH

*Silence is wisdom, and by this rule, wise men and
the women are scarce*

John Club
Orchestra
Debating Club

RACHEL FARRAND

Knowledge is power

LOUISE M. FULLER

We can't have much of a good thing.

Quarantine Club
See Club



MARJORIE GRAHAM

She is one of those people we naturally love

Dramatic Club
Girls' Glee Club
Literary Club



ANNE PARKS

The deepest rivers flow with least sound

Literary Club



JAMES H. MILLER

*There are two things I never worry about
Those things I can't help and those things I can*

Musical Clubs
Orchestra
Debating Club



LAURA RAPP

Not much talk, a great sweet silence.

Literary Club



ALDINE MILLIGAN

*The music in my heart I bore
Long after it was heard no more*

Dramatic Club
Literary Club
Girls' Glee Club



DONALD WORTHINGTON

The portrait of a gentleman

Banjo Club
Mandolin Club

MARIAN DILL

*But so fair
She takes the breath of men away
Who gaze upon her unaware*

Dramatic Club

STANLEY YOUNG

He backed his opinions with quotations

Dramatic Club
Glee Club
Baseball Team

DOROTHY DEMME

Smallest bundles contain the most precious articles

E. KEITH ALLEN

*The glass of fashion and the mold of form
The observed of all observers*

Dramatic Club
Glee Club



RUTH A. BROWN

*She has a heart so true and quick
And a mind to sympathize*

Dramatic Club



ROLLA R. SPIRA

Oh! There was a woman

Dramatic Club



KATHERINE KEPLER

*None knew thee but to love thee
None named thee but to praise*

Annual Board

Literary Club

Dramatic Club



LEYSA FRANCE

Innocence abroad!

Debating Club

Radio Club



RUTH S. PHILLIPS

*To those who know her best
A friend most true and hearty,
To those who know her least
A very quiet party*

Literary Club



KATHARINE R. TENNER

*Loyalty, faithfulness, and work untiring
She gave to the Annual, which is so inspiring;
Her only thought, hope, and ambition
To gain for it the foremost position.*

Editor-in-chief of Annual
Dramatic Club

ALFRED E. GOSS

*Disguise our bondage as we will,
Tis woman, woman, rules us still*

Glee Club
Football Team
Basketball Team

MARY L. MEHARD

*Mary, the maid is so kind,
Very hospitable
Extremely punctitious and
About every little con*

VERNE CLARKE

I prefer silent prudence to loquacious folly

MARGARET KING

Smile, and a world lies weak before thee

Dramatic Club
Literary Club



CORDELIA WHITMAN

*If he can say more than this rich praise,
That you are only you"*

Dramatic Club

GRACE COPE

*In the depths of her brown eyes
A deal a kindness lies*

RANDALL ROSS

And certainly he was a good fellow

Debating Club

DOROTHY E. RUTH

The temple of our purest thoughts is silence
Girls' Glee Club

HAZEL TRETER

gentle of speech, beneficent of mind



JACK ROHRHEIMER

*I say that thou art clever, and I am there to
gainsay it?*

PAULA S. MEAD

*Oh, Paula is a cute girl
And Paula she is
We wonder where she learned to make
Such good use of her eyes*

EMILIE R. TENER

A loyal and unselfish friend

HARRY M. FARRAND

*Methodists he spoke h marvel us not for one so
young*

Annual Board
Debating Club
Dramatic Club
Glee Club

DORIS DOAN

*The more we know her, the more we are able to
appreciate her*



LORRAINE A. SLATER

The nice things said of her are all true
Literary Club

BERNARDINE

*There is probably no hell for authors in the next
world;
They suffer so much from critics and publishers
in this.*
Annual Board
Dramatic Club
Literary Club

DOROTHY OVIATT

We would that you were with us sooner

BEATRICE VOSPER

*Silence and modesty are the best ornaments of
a woman*
Literary Club
Girls' Glee Club

MARGARET G. JANKE

We would share your knowledge
Dramatic Club



DOROTHY WORTHINGTON

*Hang sorrow! Care will kill a cat and therefore
let's be merry*

FLORENCE RUNNER

*A perfect woman, nobly planned
To warn, to comfort, and command*

Annual Board
Dramatic Club

GEORGE HAN

*There is nothing more universally commended
than a fine "Day"*

EDWARD KING

*Simplicity, the better name,
Than all the family of fame*

DOROTHY DAY

*There is nothing more universally commended
than a fine "Day"*

Girls' Glee Club



ISABEL M. BURTON

*She had a head to contrive, a tongue to persuade,
and a hand to execute any mischief*

Dramatic Club
Literary Club



LUCILLE M. HITCHCOCK

*The fairest garden in her looks,
And in her mind the wisest books*



KATHARINE PARR

Age cannot wither nor custom stale her infant



WILLIAM E. McFARLAND

And ever honored for his worthiness



CHARLOTTE BABCOCK

*With cheeks like the mountain pink
Literary Club*



RUTH MARTYN

She is innocence itself
Dramatic Club

HAROLD AMMERMAN

*Of study he took the most care and the most heed,
And no word spoke he more than was neede (*)*
Dramatic Club
Debating Club

RUTH DUFFIE

She is more fun than a copy of "Life"

CHARLOTTE ESTER

*Two eyes so blue
And lips so red
To see her smile
Doth turn one's head*
Dramatic Club

MABEL REIMBLOSSOM

*In civility was set full nioche her desire
And all was conscience and tender heart*
Glee Club
Literary Club



HAROLD CLUM

Born to success he seemed

Debating Club

OLIVE M. QUAYLE

She can mock the voice of any age or clime.

Dramatic Club

LUCILLE AINSWORTH

One could never doubt her sincerity and good nature

Literary Club

CLEMENTE A. CAFARELLI

*Synonyme he was, or flaytinge all the day,
He was as fresh as is the month of May*

Orchestra
Mandolin Club

DELLA FOOTE

*Silence is the perfectest herald of joy;
I were but little happy if I could say how much*

Literary Club



GLADDEN LINCOLN

He hath much to do

Annual Board
Dramatic Club
Debating Club



STUART F. ARMINGTON

I moral, sensible, and well bred man



HELEN EHRT

Right brisk she was, and full of spirit

Dramatic Club
Literary Club



GERALD B. BEAN

*To those who know thee not, no words can paint
And those who know thee, know all words are
faint*



CONNER E. LAND

Take him, and use him; he's worthy of it

Debating Club



ELIZABETH FAY

*Thou art commended for thy beauty, and yet more
for thy grace*

Dramatic Club



DOROTHY DAWLS

*Those about her
From her shall read
The perfect ways of honor*



CHARLES C. SNOW

Folly friend to man and maid

Dramatic Club
Debating Club
Glee Club
Orchestra



ELEANOR RIENBERICK

Lively and ardent, frank and kind

Dramatic Club



ELIZABETH CONYNE

Better late than never



HAZEL HULL

Oh happy accident that brought her here

Dramatic Club
Literary Club
Glee Club

ALFRED BIEDERMAN

Hear me, good people, while I talk

Dramatic Club
Debating Club

LUCY D WENSLEY

To be womanly is the greatest charm of woman

Dramatic Club
Girls' Glee Club

RUTH E GORDON

is is a sign of wisdom

FLORIAN SEARS

*Unstudied art thy grace displays
Imparts a charm to all thy ways*

Dramatic Club



JUNIOR CLASS

Juniors

Margaret Adams
Dramatic Club
Literary Club

Kenneth Akers
Debating Club
Dramatic Club

Norman Alexander
Secretary and Treasurer of Junior Class
Football Team
Athletic Board

Louise Alt
Everett Armington
Olive Asselin
Lester Avery
Dramatic Club
Debating Club
Glee Club
Banjo Club
Mandolin Club

Eula Bailey
Thomas Barrett
Debating Club
Dramatic Club

Howard Barrows
Banjo Club
Mandolin Club
Orchestra

Dorothy Battram
Charlene Birge
Literary Club
Glee Club

Eleanor Bleiler
Literary Club

Herman Boley
President of Junior Class
Debating Club
Football Team
Athletic Board

Norman Book
Banjo Club
Mandolin Club

Louise Bowler
Literary Club
Dramatic Club

Helen Brand
Fred Braun
Lawrence Breck
Mandolin Club

Edward Brown
Debating Club

Marian Brown
Literary Club

Antoinette Burton
Literary Club
Dramatic Club

Kathryn Calder
Vice President of Junior Class
Literary Club
Dramatic Club

Helen Caldwell
Dramatic Club

Ruth Carter
Literary Club
Dramatic Club

Louise Case
Literary Club

Dorothy Cate
Literary Club

Alice Clark
Literary Club

Ruth Conne
Dramatic Club
Glee Club

Homer Cook
Kenyon Cook
Joseph Coolidge
Banjo Club
Mandolin Club

Robert Coolidge
Mandolin Club

Wallace Criley
Evelyn Creed
Literary Club

Claire Dancer
Debating Club
Mandolin Club

Kathryn Donald
Literary Club

Frances Dunham
Literary Club
Dramatic Club

Olive Emerson
Literary Club
Dramatic Club

Leonard Field
Orchestra
Debating Club
Glee Club

Marie Finley
 Leonard Foote
Orchestra

 Donald Forward
 Ethel French
Literary Club
Dramatic Club
Glee Club

 Miriam Gammel
Dramatic Club
Literary Club

 Kenneth Gardner
Debating Club
Dramatic Club

 Ellery Gilkey
Debating Club
Dramatic Club
Glee Club

 Osborne Goldrick
 Ralph Gordon
Football Team

 Joseph Gundry
 Harry C. Hahn
Debating Club

 Mildred Hart
Dramatic Club
Literary Club
Glee Club

 Gertrude Hatfield
Dramatic Club
Literary Club

 May Henderson
 Redge Henn
Dramatic Club
Debating Club
Banjo Club
Mandolin Club
Football Team

 Dorothy Herrick
Dramatic Club

 Virgil Hills
 Edith Hole
Dramatic Club
Literary Club

 Pauline Hopkins
 Marie Howes
Glee Club

Darlie Johnson
 George Kaul
Dramatic Club
Football Team

 Herman Keyerleber
 Robert Koch
 Earl Knapp
 Lester Krause
Debating Club

 Marjorie Krauss
 Robert Krause
Debating Club

 Dorothy Kyle
Dramatic Club

 Alfred Lang
 Virginia Leighton
Literary Club
Glee Club

 Fletcher Lewis
Literary Club

 Janet Lewis
Dramatic Club
Literary Club

 Roy Lock
Football Team

 Harriet Lyons
 Albert Mason
 Pauline Mast
 Walter Mayer
 Newell McConoughey
Debating Club
Dramatic Club

 Robert McWatters
Glee Club

 Dorothy Means
Literary Club
Glee Club

 Helen Merrell
 Bernice Mills
 Pauline Moffett
Literary Club
Dramatic Club
Glee Club

 Clyde Morgenthauer
 Wilbur Oatman
 Grace Oldrieve
 Grace Parmelee
 Rose Patchin
 John Pettibone
Debating Club

George Quay
 Bruce Richardson
 Arla Riley
 Harold Robinson
 Harry Robinson
 Gilbert Schroeder
 Elmer Sefting
 Gladys Sheldon
 Beatrice Sherman
Glee Club
Literary Club
 Aldarilla Shipley
Literary Club
 Roger Siddall
Dramatic Club
Debating Club
Orchestra
 Gladys Smalley
 Harvey Smith
Mandolin Club
 Homer Smith
Debating Club
Dramatic Club
 Roy Smith
 Alfred Springer
 Taylor Stanton
Banjo Club
 Lawrence Strimple
Debating Club
Dramatic Club
 Edith Townsend
 Winifred Van Dorn
Literary Club
 Florence Wagner
Literary Club
Glee Club
 Ralph Waycott
Banjo Club
Mandolin Club
 Mary Weyandt
 Dorothy Wheelock
 Gladys White
Dramatic Club
 Percy White
Dramatic Club
 Mary Wynant
Dramatic Club
Literary Club
 Henry Young
Banjo Club
Mandolin Club
 Adelle Zeman
 Harvey Zorbaugh
Dramatic Club

SOPHOMORES

C. M. 3

Aiken, Ralph
 Andrews, Helen E.
 Bailey, Walter
 Baird, Genevieve
 Baldwin, Russell
 Balzhiser, Mildred
 Bard, Rudolph
 Bates, Jean
 Bauder, Mary
 Black, Harold
 Blau, Robert
 Bolton, Hugh
 Browne, Hazel
 Bryan, Dorothy
 Bushnell, Faith
 Carter, Constance
 Carter, Forrest
 Castillo, Amelia
 Chappelka, Ethel
 Chesney, Gray
 Chubbuck, Stephen
 Clemens, Dorothy
 Cody, Louis
 Cole, Nellie
 Croft, Fred
 Demelto, Vincent
 Derby, Fred
 Dice, Harold
 Digges, Margaret
 Dunham, Marian
 Dunlap, Arlyn
 Elwood, Spencer
 Fenton, Frances
 Frayer, Harold
 Gardner, John
 Gay, Walker
 Gauder, Lucette
 Gil, Mildred
 Gleason, John

Goodwin, Ralph
 Green, Harold
 Harman, Bentley
 Hatch, Virginia
 Hattfield, Gordon
 Hauschild, Virginia
 Havens, Lancelot
 Henn, Carl
 Herron, Alice
 Hills, Clifford
 Hills, Helen
 Holah, Beatrice
 Holah, Ralph
 Houghton, Dorothy
 Hoyt, Homer
 Hudson, Paul
 Husband, Harold
 Husband, Ruby
 Huggins, Frederick
 Keggen, Grace
 Knight, May
 Koehler, Marcella
 Kohn, Marjorie
 Latimer, Helen
 Laubscher, William
 Lippert, Arthur
 Logee, Robert
 MacMahon, Marianna
 Mauldin, Dodd
 Mavis, Mildred
 McGuire, Charles
 Merville, Pauline
 Meyers, Everett
 Mollenhauser, Jessie
 Mott, Bernard
 Murray, Eleanor
 Nagel, La Vaughn
 Newmeyer, Helen
 Pollock, Katherine

Pullman, Oliva
 Reindell, Margaret
 Rinear, Eugene
 Roberts, Ralph
 Roblee, Judson
 Rose, Leslie
 Rose, Evelyn
 Rosen, Evangeline
 Ross, Howard
 Rowe, Paul
 Row, Mildred
 Sabin, Norma
 Scott, William
 Schwenger, Rose
 Scott, Jean
 Seaver, Hugh
 Shon, Gordon
 Smith, Lenore
 Somnitz, George
 Sterling, George
 Sterling, Lee
 Swearingen, Alfred
 Thomas, Leah
 Tener, Roberta
 Unger, Jay
 Walsh, Helen
 Welker, Roland
 Welty, Merle
 Wenham, Lester
 Wherrit, Paul
 Whittlesey, Marion
 Wilsdorf, Clarence
 Winsor, Harry
 Wirth, Roy
 Wright, Donald
 Wright, Douglas
 Yensen, Helen
 Yost, Dorothy
 Youngberg, Alice



abbevrobert
 addamsstanton
 agarroy
 andrewsmahelen
 arterrichard
 bailevorma
 barnettmildred
 barnardcharles
 beannellie
 beanblossommary
 borgesnorton
 burnsiderosalind
 bushnellebenazer
 butnerjohn
 browndoris
 brownevivian
 hverlvarchange
 caldwellmanson
 carismabel
 chapelkaedith
 clarkjames
 colemangerald
 coopermargretta
 comstockthomas
 clarkjoy
 craigearru
 crileymargaret
 crubaughcyrus
 cunninghamruth
 coolevellen
 cooley Lucy
 carterdon

caunternorman
 corevneil
 daykenneth
 d'angelojoe
 devormartha
 deckerlyndell
 desenbergmildred
 eatondavid
 ebersolecarl
 fairbankvern
 findlinglouise
 findlingedward
 fordahne
 fosmiregeorge
 frantzrussell
 furrvdorothy
 garrelljoe
 glasshonor
 goldrickarthur
 gordonfinley
 gravreid
 griffithdella
 gildersleeवरuth
 halldonald
 hadlevmargaret
 harrisstanley
 hatchflorence
 hathawayfoster
 hayesesther
 hancockfrances
 hendersonverna
 heckmanfred

hettricklawrence
 hoffmankenneth
 hopperma
 horixhelen
 houghtonmargaret
 howellsruth
 hillvardellen
 hurlburtshirley
 jamesonwilliam
 jenegertrude
 jacobsdorothy
 kalnacarl
 kinghelen
 kingmildred
 kirkwoodrichard
 kishlerjohn
 kishlermelville
 koefengertrude
 keyerleberpaul
 kuhnviolet
 krausemadeline
 kyieharvey
 larsonhelen
 lashwarrick
 lewis margaret
 langedgar
 lockralph
 loehrgeorge
 lynngladys
 lynnharold
 masondorothy
 martingertrude

martinward
 merrillrobert
 mcdonnellmarie
 mcdonnellmichael
 meleenlavenna
 mccarrollmildred
 memullanmary
 mckaymartha
 mcquiggpauline
 merrillippert
 millerruby
 milliswalter
 millsmarjorie
 mullerjosephine
 morasamuel
 moreyblanche
 muezjeskifrances
 murravkatherine
 myersnortimer
 nagelmary
 northwaymaurice
 ogleelanor
 parrjohn

pattersondexter
 perrinedorothy
 phelpsfaitb
 phelpsrobert
 porteradeline
 pullmansylvia
 pettithelen
 prattdorothy
 quaypaul
 rapphelen
 ransthenry
 reecemildred
 richardsvirginia
 robertsonharry
 rozkorose
 rutherfordmildred
 ruflovis
 salzmanhelen
 seamanmildred
 schneideredward
 schroederalvin
 schmoeckearlton
 scribnerkatherine

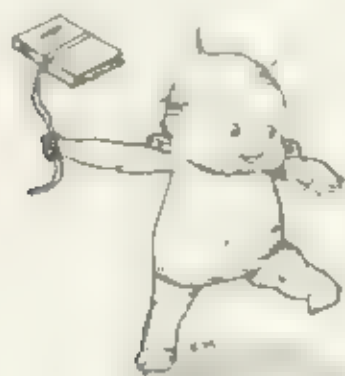
shepardclark
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 thomaswalter
 truscottelizabeth
 vansweringenraymond
 wagnerada
 wensleymargaret
 westdudley
 wheelockmary
 wheeleralverta
 whitemartin
 woodburnfred
 woolframisabel
 yorkbarney
 vostkatherine

Freshmen B.

copeira
 crawfordflorence
 crileyfrederick
 daytonmead
 denisonross
 hendersonruth

houselillian
 kahlemadeline
 kimballmaynard
 kingherman
 luensealvin

oxleycampbell
 rekercarl
 smalleybernice
 watermanblanche
 wendthelen





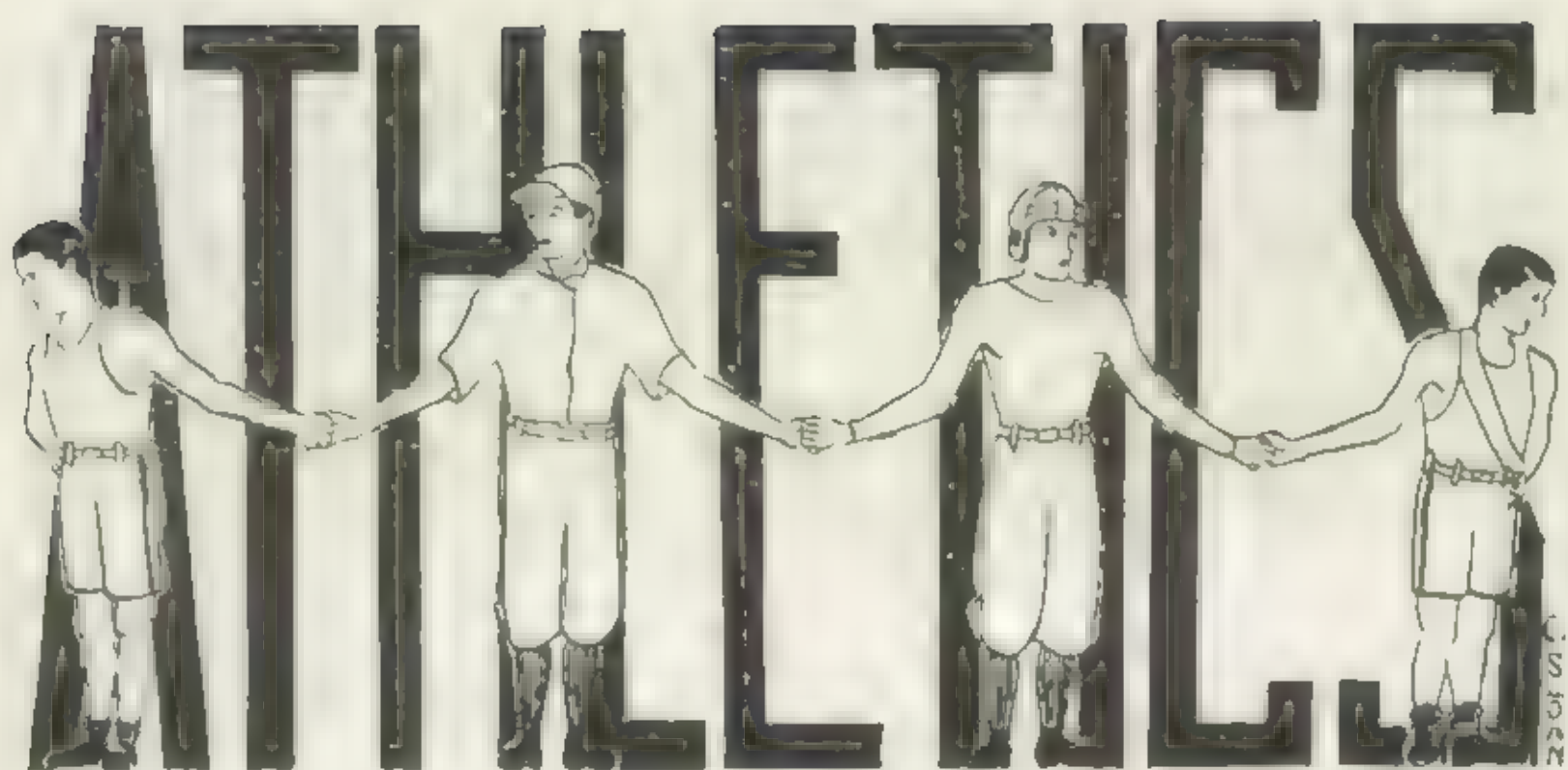
ALUMNI

CLASS OF 1911-12

Arthur Alexandre Case School of Applied Science	.18 Rosalind Avenue
William Allen Case School of Applied Science	.909 Potomac Avenue
Perry W. Bailey Oberlin College	44 Windemere Street
Thurman Baker Working2 Rozelle Avenue
Catharine Barber Post Graduate course	.93 Brightwood Street
Paul C. Battenfeld Working	..50 Fernwood Street
Hortense Bing At home11327 Bellflower Road
Charles Brookhart Post Graduate course788 Radnor Road
Lucille Brookins College for Women, Wash. D.C.	26 Villa Beach, Collinwood
Markley Brown Kenyon College	..67 Somerton Road, Cleveland Heights
Elizabeth Calder Bradford Academy81 Rosalind Road
Florence Connolly Oberlin CollegeVilla Beach
Martha Cowles Beechwood	11312 Euclid Avenue
Harold Danforth With the Ous Steer	Beersford Road
Grace Davies College for Women, Wash. D.C.	...48 Beersford Road

Arline Dice	46 Shaw Avenue
In her father's office	
Gertrude	30 Lake Front Avenue
Kindergarten Training School.	
Marcy Frear	13085 Euclid Avenue
Pennsylvania University.	
Earl Frost	75 Holyoke Avenue
World War Program Co.	
Marjorie Gardner	13495 Euclid Avenue
College for Women, W. R. U.	
Rosalie Garson	1953 East 73rd Street
Glen Eden School	
Adeline Giffin	42 Collinwood Road
Ohio State University	
Margaret Guntler	Cleveland Heights
W. R. U.	
Robert Heger	39 Auburndale Avenue
Working	
Margaret Hamilton	58 Stanwood Road
Abroad.	
Margaret Hart	70 Stanwood Road
Studying music at home.	
Ruth Hawley	Panama, California
Panama College.	
Sutton Hayden	456 Shaw Avenue
Giram College	
Ruth Hay	117 Phillips Avenue
Lake Erie College.	
Dorothy Henry	13626 Euclid Avenue
College for Women, W. R. U.	
Arline Higley	13306 Superior Avenue
Cleveland Kindergarten Training School.	
Eleanor Hitchings	Haydn Hall
College for Women, W. R. U.	
Edward Hole	42 Stanwood Road
Western Reserve University	
Esther Holmes	257 East 79th Street
First Street School, East Fair	
Carl Koch	2053 East 96th Street
Western Reserve University.	
Elsie Kuhl	65 Windemere Road
At home	
Bruckett Lewis	1883 East 79th Street
W. R. U.	
Stevenson Lewis	90 Reservoir Road
University of Wisconsin	

Dwight L. J. Jee Western Reserve University.	42 Strathmore Street
George Mayer	2017 Cornell Road University of Pennsylvania (Philadelphia).
Don McMullen	42 Roxbury Road University of Michigan
Jerald Moore	31 Hower Avenue Case School of Applied Science.
Grace Murphy	66 Page Avenue Downer College.
Will Newmeyer	42 Prospect Street Case School of Applied Science.
Robert Queisser	76 Stanwood Road Knox College
Sterling Rees	1370 East 95th Street Western Reserve University.
Harold Reindel	Windemere Terrace Case School of Applied Science.
Leonard Ross	86 Carlyon Road Western Reserve University
Ozella Rowe	Franklin Avenue College for Women, W. R. U.
Neil Sawley	35 Rosalind Avenue Case School of Applied Science
Brainard Schmok	16 Taylor Road Dyke's Business College.
Leslie Smith	1830 Wilton Road Western Reserve University
Ford Sprague	2025 East 69th Street Western Reserve University
Jarvis Street	Taylor Road Western Reserve University
Clarence Taylor	Taylor Road Western Reserve University.
Leonard Vessy	95 Grasmere Street Western Reserve University.
Alfred Ward	9201 Miles Avenue Working
William Ward	9201 Miles Avenue Cornell University.
Bernice Wardwell	2062 East 115th Street Lake Erie College
Norma Whipple	Working
Dorothy Williams	8110 Carnegie Avenue Serving Domestic Science at East Tech.
Lease Williams	39 Page Avenue College for Women, W. R. U.





ATHLETIC BOARD

Ralph Gordon	President
Herman Boley	Vice-President
Norman Alexander	Secretary
Mr. Seaton	Treasurer
Mr. Ollinger	Physical Director
Mr. Carter	Faculty Manager
Mr. Kirk	Faculty Member
George Kaul	Student Representative
Charles Snow	Student Representative

- - - Wearers of the - - -



Norman Alexander, '14 <i>Football</i> <i>Track</i>	Ralph Gordon, '14 <i>Football</i> <i>Hockey</i>	Sam Mora, '15 <i>Football</i> <i>Basketball</i>
Herman Boley, '14 <i>Football</i>	Harold Green, '14 <i>Track</i>	Ernest Randall, '14 <i>Football</i>
Lawrence Breck, '14 <i>Hockey</i>	Redge Henn, '14 <i>Football</i>	Robert Sanborn, '13 <i>Basketball</i>
Jack Butner, '15 <i>Football</i>	Fred Huggins, '14 <i>Hockey</i>	Atlee Schafer, '13 <i>Basketball</i>
Mourton Case, '13 <i>Football</i>	Harold Husband, '14 <i>Football</i>	Henry Young, '14 <i>Baseball</i>
Irving Danforth, '13 <i>Football</i> <i>Baseball</i>	Kenneth King, '13 <i>Football (manager)</i>	Stanley Young, '13 <i>Baseball</i>
Edward Davidson, '13 <i>Basketball</i>	George Kaul, '14 <i>Football</i> <i>Hockey</i>	Roy Zeman, '13 <i>Football</i> <i>Basketball</i>
Alfred Goss, '13 <i>Football</i> <i>Basketball</i>	Gladden Lincoln, '13 <i>Basketball (manager)</i>	
	Roy Lock, '14 <i>Football</i> <i>Hockey</i> <i>Track</i>	



FOOTBALL TEAM



Kenneth King, Manager

Ralph Gordon, Captain

H. H. Canfield, Coach

First Team

Left End—Alfred Goss
 Left Tackle—George Kaul
 Left Guard—Mourton Case
 Redge Henn
 Center—Herman Boley
 Right Guard—Roy Zeman
 Right Tackle—John Butner

Sam Mora
 Right End—Ernest Randall
 Quarterback—Irving Danforth
 Left Half—Norman Alexander
 Harold Husband
 Right Half—Ralph Gordon, Capt
 Fullback—Roy Lock

Second Team

Ends—Kraus, Wolcott
 Tackles—Ammerman, Davidson
 Guards—Bean, Avery
 Center—White, Quay

Halves—Douglas Wright
 Donald Wright
 Full Back—Skeel
 Quarter—Smith

Season 1912

Shaw	12	Glenville	0
Shaw	18	Oberlin	17
Shaw	40	Ashtabula	7
Shaw	0	Massillon	7
Shaw	9	U. S.	12
Shaw	14	Tech	0
Shaw	0	East	12
Shaw	21	Central	14

THE most spectacular play of the season occurred in the last few minutes of the game with Shaw. In the last 12 minutes of the third quarter the season with a ranking of third in the Quadrangular. Our ancient foes, University and East, were the teams in the Quad. that brought defeat to Shaw, as did Massillon High at Massillon. In spite of these three setbacks, the victories over Glenville, Ashtabula, Oberlin, East Tech, and Central make us feel that the season was really a good one.

Having only six letter men back from last year, Coach Canfield and Captain Gordon took all the candidates for the team in sight to a football camp at Silver Lake. Of the fourteen present, none regretted their however slight reputations as footballers, which gave them the chance to attend the camp. Besides the good times, the fellows practiced and took long hikes which did a great deal to get them in condition. This was shown in the first game of the season with Glenville when Shaw defeated their opponents 12-0. The Shaw enthusiasts were surprised to see the number of stars that had been developed, and from this time on, they had visions of a championship eleven.

The next Saturday Oberlin came to town, and the spectators were favored with one of the best games every played on Shaw Field. Shaw ran up 13 points in the first quarter, and then Oberlin braced up and in the third and fourth quarters scored 17 points to Shaw's 5, which made the final score 18-17. In this game Cap. Gordon was the star and from this time on, was feared by all other teams in the city. The next Saturday the team journeyed to Ashtabula where a hard game was expected. It was a hard game in the sense that the fellows often found a shortage of wind from scoring touchdowns, as the score of 40-0 indicates. The next week Massillon got revenge for the defeats received at the hands of Shaw in the two previous years, and won a hard fought game by the score of 7-0. The absence of Gordon and Alexander from the backfield greatly weakened the team.

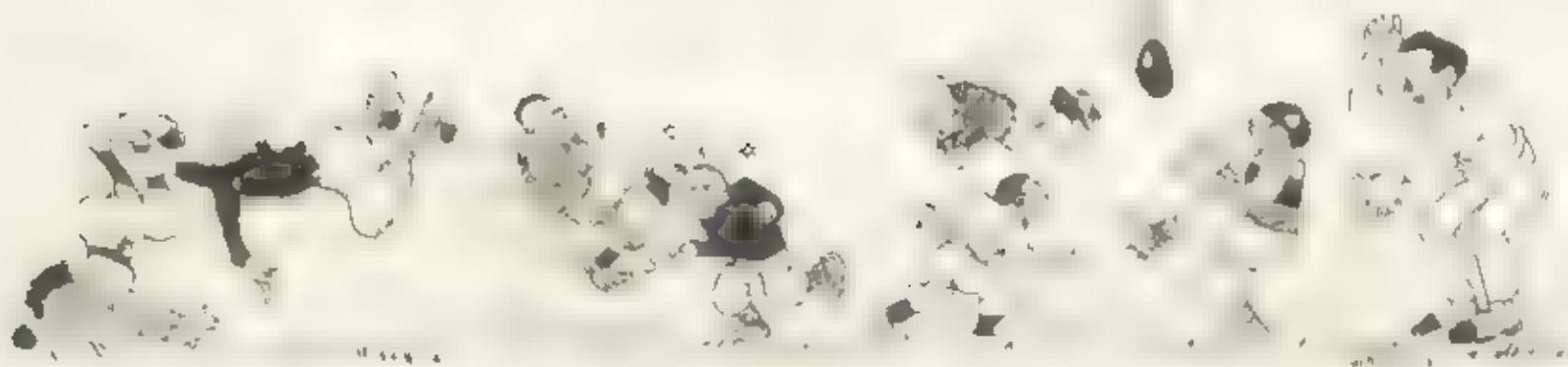
The fellows worked faithfully the next week for the U. S. game. Cany felt that this year above all was the one when Speedy Rush's aggregation was doomed to get a taste of defeat at the hands of Shaw. The Shaw players were not equal to the occasion and for some unknown reason let U. S. score 12 points in the first half. Shaw came back strong in the second half, but University was



equally strong, and Shaw scored but 9 points, which made the final score 12-9. After this game the well known Shaw spirit was a thing of the past and not until after the Tech team was defeated 14-0 was it brought back to its own.

On the following Friday Shaw and East engaged in what turned out to be a struggle for the supremacy in water. East proved to be supreme and won by the score of 12-0, it being a harder fought game than the score indicates. Shaw was greatly weakened by the absence of Lock, Gordon and Alexander, through injuries due to the condition of the field.

The last game of the year was with Central and our team surprised everyone by winning in the last few minutes of play by the score of 19-12. Some of the fighting spirit of this game was undoubtedly due to the fact that Ernie Randall, Jack Butner, Alfred Goss, Pat Case, Roy Zeman and Pip Danforth were playing their last game for "Dear Old Shaw," and in order to leave a good taste in the mouths of these vigorous athletes, they would be content with nothing but victory. We therefore ended the season with a victory.





BASKETBALL TEAM



Basketball

Captain
ROY ZEMAN

Manager
GLADDEN LINCOLN

Coach
E. C. OFFINGER

Team

SCHAEER	<i>Forward</i>	Goss	<i>Guard</i>
SANBORN	<i>Forward</i>	ZEMAN	<i>Guard</i>
MORA	<i>Center</i>	DAVIDSON	<i>Forward</i>

Schedule

Shaw	14	Alumni	15
Shaw	14	Oberlin	25
Shaw	28	Central	10
Shaw	16	Geneva	17
Shaw	14	Oberlin	24
Shaw	25	University	18
Shaw	17	Geneva	24
Shaw	19	East	21
1771	147	Total	154

SHAW 19, East 21, shows how near the Shaw basketball team of 1913 came to winning a cup for the championship of the Quadrangular League. The team had to be content with "coming close" as did the football team and many others representing Shaw. The season started with good material in sight, excepting the fact that Captain Pattison failed to enter school. Roy Zeman, however, successfully filled the role.

Although the team won only two games, these were with Central by the score of 28-10, and the other with U. S. 25-18; these important victories gave them second place in the Quad. The rest of the games were with out of town teams, and so of less importance. The last game of the year was with East on their floor. Shaw lost to the blue and gold in a very exciting game in overtime play, after the game appeared to be won by Shaw, by the score of 21-19.



TRACK TEAM

Interclass Track Meet

Seniors, 66; Juniors, 57½; Sophomores, 56; Freshmen 48½.

Unlimited Class

EVENT	FIRST	SECOND	THIRD	FOURTH
100 yd. Dash	Lock	S. Lewis	H. Danforth	A. Goss
220 yd. Dash	Lock	"	Ammerman	Lippert
440 yd. Dash	S. Lewis	"	Goss	"
880 yd. Dash	A. Alexander	"	Clum	"
Mile	A. Alexander	"	McDonald	"
120 yd. Hurdles	N. Alexander	"	Green	"
220 yd. Hurdles	N. Alexander	"	Green	"
12 lb. Shot	Evans	"	W. Ward	Lock
Pole Vault	Evans	Frances	France	"
Running High Jump	Hole	P. Bailey	Frances	"
Running Broad Jump	Lock	S. Lewis	Evans	"
Relay	{ S. Lewis, Allan, A. Alexander, H. Danforth			

115-130 Pound Class

100 yd. Dash	Battenfield	H. Young	L. Ross	C. Arthur
220 yd. Dash	Oldrieve	L. Smith	Battenfield	
120 yd. Hurdles	Green	Patterson	Battenfield	McDonald
Mile	Don Wright	L. Danforth	Schafer	Snow
Running High	R. Lewis	Krause	Battenfield	Patterson
Relay	Seniors won	L. Ross L. Smith Battenfield Lewis		

Under 95 Pound Class

EVENT	FIRST	SECOND	THIRD
100 yd. Dash	Strimple	Barrett	Hills
120 Low Hurdles	Strimple	Hills	Barrett
880 yd. Dash	Strimple	Sanborn	Barrett
Relay	Sophomores won Booke Sanborn Strimple Hills		

95-115 Pound Class

EVENT	FIRST	SECOND	THIRD
100 yd. Dash	H. Greene	Douglas Wright	Don Wright
120 L. Hurd.	{Douglas Wright / Don Wright }	tied	W. Bailey
880 yd. Dash	Green	Douglas Wright	Rogers
Relay	Sophomores won	Rogers Poole Siever R. Kraus	



TRACK



THE Shaw team of 1912 had a successful year. A track team at Shaw was somewhat of an experiment, but because of the showing last year's team made, it now looks as though it were here to stay. After the team was picked, the fellows on the team chose Arthur Alexander captain, and their choice proved to be a good one.

The first track meet was with Glenville, and the Shaw athletes won by a score of 57-45. After this good showing, the team decided to compete in a meet at Wooster, of all the High

Schools in that part of Ohio. In this meet, Shaw got third place, a silver cup for winning the relay, and some of the fellows got gold medals. The Quad. meet was next and Shaw again got third place, while Lock and Alexander increased their supply of medals. The last meet of the year was the Princeton meet, but Shaw made a rather poor showing in this. With Roy Lock as captain, this year's team should have another successful year.





Dramatic Club

Debating Club

Literary Club

Girls' Glee Club

Boys' Glee Club

Mandolin Club

Banjo Club

Orchestra

Musical Club



DRAMATIC CLUB

President
IRVING DANFORTH

Vice-President
ALICE ROBERTS

Secretary
KATHERINE KEELER

Treasurer
ATLEE SCHAFER

Business Manager
KENNETH KING

Chairman
REDGE HENN

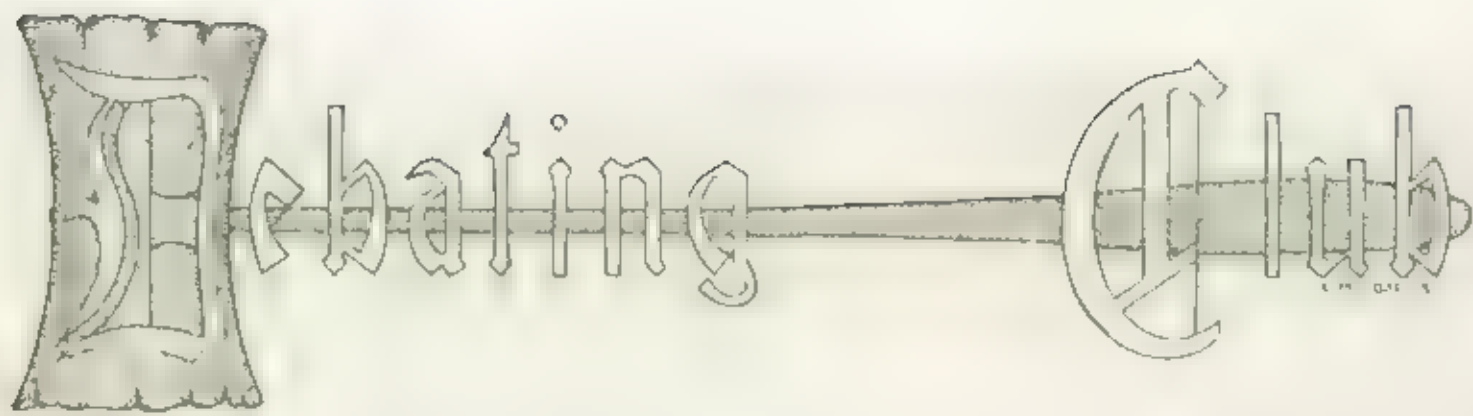
Margaret Adams
Kenneth Akers
Keith Allen
Harold Ammerman
Charles Arthur
Lester Avery
Catharine Barber
Thomas Barrett
Alfred Biederman
Louise Bowler
Ruth Brown
Antoinette Burton
Isabel Burton
Kathryn Calder
Helen Caldwell
Ruth Carter
Ethel Chappelka
Ruth Connelly
Irving Danforth
Dorothy Dawes
Julia Daviess
Marian Dill
Frances Dunham
Helen Ehret
Olive Emerson
Charlotte Estep

Harry Farrand
Elizabeth Fay
Richard Findley
Ethel French
Florence Fuller
Louise Fuller
Miriam Gannell
Kenneth Gardenet
Ellery Gilkey
Marjorie Graham
Madeline Hamlin
Mildred Hart
Gertrude Hatfield
Redge Henn
Dorothy Herrick
Edith Hole
Hazel Hulburd
Margaret Janke
George Kaul
Katherine Keeler
Bernardine Keiser
Kenneth King
Margaret King
Dorothy Kyle
Janet Lewis
Gladden Lincoln

Ruth Martyn
Geraldine Milligan
Pauline Moffett
Newell McConoughey
Olive Quayle
Fleanor Rifenberick
Alice Roberts
Florence Runner
Robert Sanborn
Atlee Schaffer
Floria Sears
Roger Siddall
Homer Smith
Charles Snow
Lawrence Springle
Rolla Spira
Katharine Tener
Lucy Wensley
Gladys White
Percy White
Dorothy Whitclaw
Doris Whitstar
Mary Wynant
Adele Zeman
Randall Ross
Stanley Young



DEBATING CLUB



Officers

First Administration

PRESIDENT, Alfred Biederman
 VICE-PRESIDENT, Ellery Gilkey
 SECRETARY, Raymond Atkinson
 TREASURER, Henry Pentland

Second Administration

PRESIDENT, Henry Pentland
 VICE-PRESIDENT, Henry Pentland

SECRETARY, Randall Ross
 TREASURER, Richard Findley

Third Administration

PRESIDENT, Stanley Young
 VICE-PRESIDENT, Redge Henn
 SECRETARY, Lester Avery
 TREASURER, Kenneth Akers

Members

Kenneth Akers
 Harold Ammerman
 Charles Arthur
 Raymond Atkinson
 Lester Avery
 Thomas Barrett
 Alfred Biederman
 Herman Boley
 Edward Brown
 Harold Clum
 Claire Dancer
 Harry Farrand

Leonard Field
 Richard Findley
 Leys France
 Kenneth Gardener
 Ellery Gilkey
 Harry Hahn
 Redge Henn
 Lester Krause
 Robert Krause
 Gladden Lincoln
 Carl Maedje
 Newell McConoughey

Henry Pentland
 John Pettibone
 Mead Rosebaugh
 Randall Ross
 Atlee Schafer
 Kurt Seelbach
 Roger Siddall
 Burt Skeel
 Homer Smith
 Charles Snow
 Lawrence Strimple
 Stanley Young

Musical Club



PRESIDENT, Henry Young

VICE-PRESIDENT, Ralph Waycott

SECRETARY, Burt Skeel

TREASURER, Alfred Goss

MANAGER, Charles Arthur

Keith Allen

Lester Avery

Howard Barrows

Hugh Bolton

Norman Book

Lawrence Breck

Clemente Cafarelli

Joseph Coolidge

Robert Coolidge

Claire Dancer

Irving Danforth

Ellery Gilkey

Alfred Goss

Harry Farrand

Richard Findley

Leys France

Russell Franz

Carlton Henn

Redge Henn

Stanley Harris

Kenneth King

Melville Kishler

Launcelot Havens

Harvey Kyle

Gladden Lincoln

Robert McWatters

Maurice Northway

Dexter Patterson

Eugene Rinear

Robert Sanborn

Norman Sanborn

Atlee Schafer

Burt Skeel

Cordon Sloan

Homer Smith

Lawrence Strimple

Lee Sterling

Ralph Waycott

Donald Worthington

Henry Young

Stanley Young



BOYS' GLEE CLUB

Boys' Glee Club

DIRECTOR, E. J. Davis

LEADER, Irving Danforth

PIANIST, Launcelet Havens

FIRST TENOR	Charles Snow	Richard Findley
Harry Farrand	McKinley Smith	Melville Kishler
Leonard Field	Kenneth King	Gray Chesnev
Russell Franz	Robert McWatters	SECOND BASS
Launcelet Havens	John Kishler	Alfred Goss
Harvey Kyle	FIRST BASS	Maurice Northway
Carl Maedje	Eugene Rinear	Lester Avery
Norman Sanborn	Henry Young	Lee Sterling
Burt Skeel	Stanley Young	Harold Ammerman
SECOND TENOR	Keith Allen	James Clark
Irving Danforth	Ellery Gilkey	Stanley Harris
Atlee Schafer		



MANDOLIN CLUB

1913

MANDOLIN CLUB

DIRECTOR, I. G. Liddicoat

LEADER, Henry Young

Lester Avery	Guitar
Norman Book	Banjo
Howard Barrows	Drum
Lawrence Breck	1st Mandolin
Hugh Bolton	2nd Mandolin
Clemente Cafarelli	Cello
Joseph Coolidge	1st Mandolin
Robert Coolidge	2nd Mandolin
Claire Dancer	2nd Mandolin
Carl Henn	Guitar
Redge Henn	Mandola
Harold Husband	2nd Mandolin
Gladden Lincoln	Cello
Burt Skeel	Guitar
Harvey Smith	2nd Mandolin
Lee Sterling	Guitar
Ralph Waycott	2nd Mandolin
Oliver Wibraham	Guitar
Donald Worthington	1st Mandolin
Henry Young	1st Mandolin
Dexter Patterson	Mandola



BANJO CLUB

BAND ALIAS

2 April 2

DIRECTOR, J. G. Liddicoat

LEADER, Ralph Waycott

Lester Avery2nd Banjo and Guitar
 Norman Book1st Banjo and Banjeurine
 Lewis France2nd Banjo
 Carl HennGuitar
 Redge Henn1st Banjo
 Dexter PattersonPiccolo, Banjo and 2nd Banjo
 Taylor StantonBass Banjo
 Burt Skeel2nd Banjo and Guitar
 Ralph Waycott1st Banjo
 Donald Worthington2nd Banjo
 Henry YoungBanjo Mandolin
 Gladden LincolnCello
 Clemente CafarelliCello
 Howard BarrowsDrum
 Joseph Coolidge2nd Banjo

GUITAR QUARTETTE

DIRECTOR, J. G. Liddicoat

Lester Avery
 J. G. Liddicoat

Burt Skeel
 Carl Henn





ORCHESTRA



Orchestra

MANAGER, Clemente Cafarelli
 SEC. AND TREAS., Gladden Lincoln
 LIBRARIAN, Howard Barrows
 DIRECTOR, Prof. C. Deuringer

Launcelot Havens ..	Piano
Carl Maedje	1st Violin
Kurt Seibach	1st Violin
Leonard	2nd Violin
Charles Snow	2nd Violin
Alfred Swearingen.....	2nd Violin
Howard Barrows	Violoncello
Leonard Field ..	1st Cornet
Roger Siddall	2nd Cornet
Judson Roblee	3rd Cornet
Clemente Cafarelli	Euph.
Gladden Lincoln	Euph.
Burt Skeel	Viol.
Neil CoreyFrench Horn
Roy Wirth....Drum



GIRLS' LITERARY CLUB

Girls' Literary Club

Officers

First Administration

PRESIDENT, Kathryn Calder
 VICE-PRESIDENT, Geraldine Milligan
 SEC. AND TREAS., Lucille Aingworth

Second Administration

PRESIDENT, Miriam Gammell
 VICE-PRESIDENT, Louise Bowler

SEC. AND TREAS., Louise Case

Third Administration

PRESIDENT, Janet Lewis
 VICE-PRESIDENT, Adele Zeman
 SEC. AND TREAS., Marion Brown

Members

Margaret Adams	Olive Emerson	Geraldine Milligan
Lucille Aingworth	Della Foote	Pauline Moffett
Charlotte Babcock	Ithel French	Anne Parks
Mabel Beanblossom	Miriam Gammell	Laura Rapp
Charline Birge	Marjorie Graham	Ruth Phillips
Eleanor Bleiler	Mildret Hart	Beatrice Sherman
Louise Bowler	Gertrude Hatfield	Aldarilla Shipley
Marion Brown	Edith Hole	Loraine Slater
Antoinette Burton	Hazel Hulburd	Katharine Tener
Isabel Burton	Dorothy Cate	Wimfred Van Dorn
Kathryn Calder	Margaret King	Beatrice Vosper
Ruth Carter	Bernardine Keiser	Florence Walsh
Louise Case	Katherine Keeler	Florence Wagner
Alice Clark	Dorothy Kyle	Dorothy Whitelaw
Evelyn Creed	Janet Lewis	Mary Wynant
Katharine Donald	Virginia Leighton	Dorothy Yost
Frances Dunham	Dorothy Means	Adele Zeman
Madeline Hamlin		



GIRLS' GLEE CLUB

Girls Glee Club



Director
MISS FLORENCE SHAFER

President
GERALDINE MILLIGAN

Vice-President
LUCY WENSLEY

FIRST SOPRANO
Geraldine Milligan
Marjorie Graham
Ruth Connolly
Pauline Moffett
Alice Roberts
Marie Howes
Charline Birge
Beatrice Sherman
Roberta Tener
Julia Daviess
Martha McKay
Verna Henderson
Ruth Gildersleeve
Irma Hopp

SECOND VOICE
Dorothy Pratt
Dorothy Day
Ruby Miller
Faith Phelps
Ada Wagner
Viola Stang
Mabel Beanblossom
Hazel Hulburt
Dorothy Ruth
Lyndell Decker
Mary Beanblossom
Jeanette Geuder
Mildred Hart

Secretary
JULIA DAVIESS
Treasurer and Librarian
MARIORIE GRAHAM

Pianist
ETHEL FRENCH
Virginia Leighton
Lucy Wensley
THIRD VOICE
Dorothy Means
Constance Carter
Helen Newmeyer
Dorothy Furry
Mary Bauder
Elizabeth Trescott
Dorothy Bryan
Florence Wagner
Louise Fuller
Helen Andrews
Beatrice Vosper

Locals





Mid Year Play

The Shaw High School Dramatic Club Presents

THE CABINET MINISTER

March 14 and 15, 1913

Cast of Characters.

Right Hon. Sir Julian Twombley, G. C. M. G. M. P., Secretary of State for the Department.....	Redge Henn
Brooke Twombley (his son)	Harold Ammerman
Earl of Drumdurris (in the guards)	Irving Danforth
Viscount Aberbrothock (his son)	
MacPhail of Ballocheevin	Ellery Gilkey
Valentine White (Lady Twombley's nephew)	Ed Davidson
Mr. Joseph Lebanon	Lester Avery
Mr. Melton (Sir Julian's Private Secretary).. . . .	Lawrence Strimple
The Munkittrick	Herman Boley
Probyn (a servant)	Henry Young
Lady Twombley	Doris Whitslar
Imogene (her daughter)	Dorothy Whitelaw
Dowager Countess of Drumdurris...	Kathryn Donald
Lady Euphemia Vibart	Julia Daviess
Countess of Drumdurris	Mildred Hart
Lady MacPhail	Catharine Barber
Hon. Mrs. Gaylustre (a young widow training as Mauricette et Cie, 17 A Plunkett St., Mayfair).....	Geraldine Miligan
Angele	Amelia Costillo
Miss Munkittrick	Antoinette Burton

ACT I.

DEBT.

At Sir Julian Twombley's, Chesterfield Gardens. May

ACT II.

DIFFICULTIES.

At Sir Julian's again. July.

ACT III.

DISASTER

At Drumdurris Castle, Perthshire. August.

ACT IV.

DANCING.

The same place. The next evening.

Rhetoricals

NOVEMBER 22, 1912.

Piano Solo	Ethel French
Poem—Tying Her Bonnet Under Her Chin.....	Norah Perry
.....
.....	Edmund Vance Cooke
.....
Dot Long-handled Dipper	Yawcob Strauss
.....	Olive Quayle.
Short Story -Jeffy's Wedding Trip
.....	Dorothy W.

A PLAY

FRANK GLYNN'S WIFE

Frank Glynn }	A newly-married couple	{ Robert Sanborn
Alice Glynn }		{ Helen Ehret
Mrs. Glynn, Frank's mother		Edith Hole
Stella Glynn, his sister		Julia Daviess
Gertie, Alice's cousin		Doris Whitslar
Nora, a servant girl		Alice Roberts
Ed Asbury, Frank's college chum		Harold Ammerman

CHRISTMAS PROGRAMME

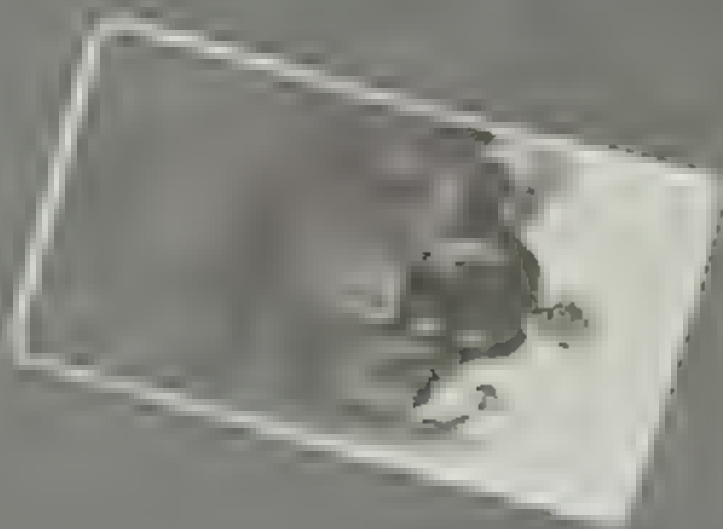
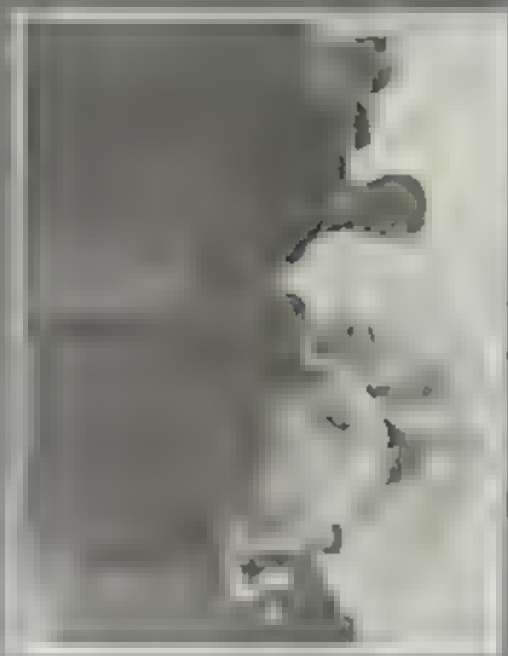
DECEMBER 20, 1912

Piano Solo—The Butterfly	Anne Parks
The Origin of Christmas	Edward Davidson
Three Little Christmas Poems—	
1. Deposed	Marion Whittlesey
2. Christmas Gifts	Helen Latimer
3. Bad Charlie	Marion Dill
Christmas in All Lands	Raymond Atkinson
When the True Christmas Spirit Came to Friendship Village.....	Zona Gale
.....	Catharine Barber.
O Little Town of Bethlehem	Phillips Brooks
.....	Kathryn Donald.
The Angel and the Shepherds	Lew Wallace
.....
Vocal Solo—The New-born King	
.....	Geraldine Miligan.

LINCOLN PROGRAMME

FEBRUARY 12, 1913.

Music		Maid in Chain
Leon Lincoln's Portrait		Nathan Haskell Dill
	Lyman Strumpf	
Lincoln's Friend		Robert Love
	Henry Colkey	
The Soldier's Revenge		J. Robbins
	John Dwyer	
Henry A. Lincoln		Ida M. L. Bell
	John Dwyer	
The Assassination of Lincoln	John Dwyer	John Dwyer, Jr.
	John Dwyer	
My Country		Walt Whitman
	John Dwyer	
Carlyle's Aldrich		
	George Horn	
A Shelf of Lincoln Stories		
	Kenneth Akers	





Presentation of Sweaters

ENTERTAINMENT

Given by the Girls of Shaw High School

DECEMBER 6, 1912

ONLY when the curtain has gone down for the last time at the vaudeville entertainment, has the football season at Shaw truly closed. It is an entertainment long looked forward to and this year it more than fulfilled the expectations of even the most particular

In the packed auditorium there was a rustling and a bustling until the lights were turned out and the footlights shone brightly in the face of twelve pretty little freshmen girls dressed in every kind of doll dresses from the most chic French doll to a little Dutch peasant. They danced the old folk dances that everyone loves to see and they heartily deserved the encore they received and to which they responded so nicely.

The curtain rose again for the second act by the Freshmen's "sister class" and the two charming juniors, Mildred Hart and Ethel French, came upon the stage dressed in pink and white from top to toe, carrying parasols which swayed to the music of "Her Eyes are Blue for Good Old West." They stopped short upon seeing one another—"Hello," said Mildred. "How do you do," replied Ethel. "How are you?" asked the first. "Oh, fine, how are you?" answered the second.

First—You seem so tall

Second—And you very much spread out

First—You don't please me one bit.

Second—Why, you look very much like me.

First—Oh-ho.

Second—Oh-ho.

First—You are just trying to imitate me

Second—I you? Well, I should say you were trying to imitate me.

First—Oh, no, but just guess who I am imitating—"Boys and girls open your books and get to work. We will begin the recitation this morning by taking up these three points

Second—"What is space?" asked Mr. Carter yesterday. Harold Husband said "I—I—I—I have it in my head but I can't explain it."

First—Can you tell me the difference between Ralph Gordon and a critic at a football game?

Second—No! What is it?

First—Well one is a kicker while the other is the knocker, and I'd like to give you a little tip from—

(To the tune of "Take a Little Tip from Father").

Harry Canfield has quite a family
Eleven grown-up boys
Handing out advice to this family
Was his greatest joy
They would come to him for his good advice
Almost every day
But when it came to the foot-ball game
He'd light up his pipe and say—

[11]

Take a little tip from Canfield
Although it may be somewhat sad
Never stay out nights 'til after half past ten
That is the limit for football men
Cigarettes—cakes and pies
Give 'em all to your dad
And if anyone begins to question
Why say it's simply *Cannie's* fad.

Second—Did you hear about that country jake and his cow?

First—Why, no—what about them?

Second—Well, he had his *Struggles* to *Cart(h)er* to market for she was not a good one. And you should have seen him *Tann(h)er*. There was *Gleeso(o)n* in the *Barnby Penningto(w)n*. Her *Kinso(o)n* came and said "*Com(e)stock* to *Johnsto(w)n*" and while she was *Dunning* this, in came *Brown* and *Swope* down upon her and broke her *goodh(e)art*.

First—Did you know J. L. and R. L. had an awful case?

(To the tune of "Her Eyes are Blue for Yale.")

Second—But she shouldn't yet give her heart just to one.

First—No man's worth it under the sun.

Second—Keep them guessing and they'll all adore you.

First—It's lots of fun.

Second—High School Days are days full of joy.

First—Play the same game with every boy.

Both—The High School flirt wears her favorite colors combined in one.

Second—Her eyes are blue for good old West.

First—Her lips are Central's hue.

Second—Her golden hair with a bow of black,

First—Are South High's colors too,

Second—She wears dear Shaw High's old maroon.

First—And East High's maize and blue.

Both—Because to fifty High School men she's trying to be true.

First—Miss Swain is developing some twentieth century poets.

Second—I'm surprised.

First—Yes; for example Lawrence Breck has had this inspiration—

Her words are her weapons
But her aim we do not despise
But Heaven help us when
Miss Pemberthy uses her eyes.

Second—Oh I can give you something that beats that.

"Shakespeare says," remarked Harold Ammerman, "What's in a name?"

"Well," replied Harry Farrand, "call me one I don't like and I'll show you."

(Song to the tune of "Waiting for the Robert E. Lee.")

Both—

Shaw boys are nearing
The field is clearing
The rooters are cheering
And East High's a-fearing
That they're going to get beat by Shaw High
While the crowd is awaiting
The band is a syncopating
What's that they're saying
Oh! What's that they're saying
While they keep a playing
Crowds humming and swaying
It's the dear old Shaw boys that's come
To carry the East men away.
But—
Watch East tear up our line
See them tear up our line
They get our captain
Best man
And give him a bout
That knocks him out
Then they get our Alexander
And also Locke and Jack Butner
It was a hard game
Hustling and roughing
While the score was
Twelve to nothing.

First—Miss Kennan told us the other day of three boxes that govern the world.

They were the ballot-box—the jury box—and the cartridge box.

Second—O! but she forgot the band-box.

First—Do you know how many studies Fritz Huggins is carrying?

Second—Why no, how many?

First—Why he told me he was carrying one and dragging four.

Second—Pip Danforth is going to quit school and secure a position as letter carrier.

First—Why, what is his object?

Second—He hopes to improve his delivery.

(Song to "You're going to lose your Honey Boy.")

Both—

Case and Butner and Pip Danforth
Goss and Zeman and Ernest Randall
They won't be on our team next year
The parting day is drawing near
They've promised us they'd be true blue
And they'll have to keep their vow
We're going to lose six of our boys
And so we'll say goodbye right now
They have all been wonderful stars
And to beat them we'll look far.

(Chorus)

We're going to lose six of our boys
We're going to lose six of our joys
We're going to wish they'd never gone away
Next year we'll long for them each night and day
And when we're beaten—feeling bad
And all the world seems dark and sad
We will think of them
Wish they were here again
Oh we're going to lose, we're surely going to lose
We're going to lose six of our boys.

(Song to the tune of "Goodbye, Everybody.")

Goodbye dear old Shaw team
Games now are o'er
Beaten in some
But victorious in more.
It breaks our hearts to think that they're over
Goodbye—goodbye.
Here's hoping to-night will make you remember
The days gone by
Goodbye dear old fellows
Farewell to you all
But one more goodbye to those
Who played football.

A thunder of applause greeted them and they were encored again and again, and the audience only hushed when the eight Sophomore girls mounted the platform and sang, "Go, pretty rose"—each of the girls carried a pink rose and at the last, "go, rose," they threw them out into the audience.

And then came the Senior girls' play. The curtain rose, showing the boudoir of Mrs. John Burton, alias Doris Whitslar. The audience with breathless interest followed the exciting plot. Mrs. Burton's pink trousers and several men entered

into the chase, Miss Freda Helen Ehret Dixon being the victorious one. Geraldine Milligan, the pretty young widow, and Dorothy Whitelaw, the newly married girl, were full of expressions of grief for their friend. Katharine Tener and Lucy Wensley were the disturbing element who were successfully baffled.

The curtain went down, to rise again in a few minutes upon the last act of the all-star performance. Upon the stage were two opposing teams, i. e. the boys' and girls' teams of Shaw. The girls dressed in football helmets, Shaw sweaters and blue skirts, the boys in their regular football suits, made an attractive stage picture. As the curtain rose, "16-29-47, shift" called out the quarter, and then the girls sang in chorus,

"Oh, plucky Shaw team, we all are gathered
Here to sing to thee our loyal praise.
May the echoes of your valor
Go ringing on through all Shaw's days."

Then, one by one, the sweaters were presented, Julia Daviess coming first, presenting a sweater to Alfred Goss.

We have a very spunky end, for short they call him Babe
We admit, though he is small, he's a true sport
In the games he played like mad and was always in the fight
For his courage is as long as he is short.

Katherine Keeler.

George Kaull, he was the one who bowled the line-up down
He put the enemy's fellows on the shelf
But he soon stopped short they say
For on a certain day
He met a better Bowler than himself.

Pauline Moffett.

Case is our new man he came here from West
And we all are mighty glad that he is here;
The only thing we have now to regret
Is that this is his last year.

Dorothy Pratt.

There is a man on our team and he is very fine
Redge Henn is his poetic name but when
It comes to playing football he changes his name
It is fighting cock instead of Henn

Alice Roberts.

We have a jolly player as Dutch Bolev he is known
And where'er he's placed none could do better;
So here's a brand new sweater tho' your last you didn't loan
But perhaps this year some lucky girl will get 'er.

Roberta Tener.

Roy Zeman is a modest man, he scarcely speaks at all
You wouldn't know we had him in the school
Yet he is one of the men who works hardest on the team
You'll find that this always is the rule.

Constance Carter.

In the U. S. game Jack Butner played with all his might
Though his legs were nearly broken he kept on
The way he plunged right thru the line was surely a great sight
'Twill be Shaw's great loss when he's to Boston gone.

Margaret Wensley.

O Ernest is a player of renown upon our team
Few others can to him hold a candle
He knows how to block a kick and when it comes to running
Why, he's the guy who put the ran in Randall.

Mildred Hart.

Our quarter's name is Danforth for short they call him "Pip."
He should have his sweater changed they say
So we'll rip off this "S" and sew another letter on
For 'tis rumored that he'd much prefer a "K."

Martha McKay.

Alexander plays at half-back and much can be said
Of his plays of which we all can boast
But to get a full account of everything he does
Ask a girl whose name will rhyme with "post."

Florence Fuller.

We're singing now to a man named Locke our all around athlete
In every sport he's fine as fine can be
'Tho' there's a sort of proverb that love will laugh at locks
Roy doesn't belong to that branch of the family tree.

Cordelia Whitman.

There is a man in our school and Mora is his name
Made famous by the Mora machine
He plays so well that this is our advice to you
You'd better get a Mora for your team.

Bernardine Keiser.

Husband is a mighty man though fussy he may be
In football he's none the less a star
We hope you like your sweater and we hope it will fit
For we heard that you are so particular.

Elizabeth Trescott.

There is a man here tonight as manager he's fine
Let's whisper his name, "'Tis Kenneth King!"
He knows how to finance the stage and manage any team
But we'll all clear out when he begins to sing.

Geraldine Milligan.

Ralph Gordon is the last one and what can I say
That half does justice to his stunts
He always was the star and knew just how to pick his team
For he much prefers a runner to one who punts.

Chorus

Oh, plucky Shaw team, we all are gathered
Here to sing to thee our loyal praise
May the echoes of your valor
Go ringing on through all Shaw's days.

Then the boys sang in a rousing good chorus:
Here's to the girls of Shaw High
The best girls that any fellows knew
May their spirit never die
For there are no girls so true.

DANCE

SENIOR DANCE

MONDAY evening, December twenty-seventh, the Senior Dance was given at Conklin's Dance Hall. When one entered the hall he was greeted by brilliant lights and merry faces, and later his attention was attracted by the great variety of pennants which served to decorate the hall. At eight forty-five the music sounded and Charles Arthur, the president, with his guest and Doris Whitslar, the vice-president, with her guest, led the grand march. Soon after the programs were distributed, the dancing was well under way, the "Boston" being the rage of the evening.

Several mothers chaperoned the party. They were Mrs. Arthur, Mrs. Keeler, Mrs. Whitslar, and Mrs. Graham, who certainly enjoyed watching the young people dance, as well as the young people enjoyed the dancing. Later in the evening Mr. Kinson became a man of great popularity for he was serving refreshments in one corner of the hall.

About eleven o'clock it was seen that there wouldn't be time to finish the program by twelve, so with the permission of the chaperones, money was collected to have the hall and music an hour longer. All too soon, the home-waltz arrived, but every one left, feeling that he had had a most delightful evening.

THE FOOTBALL DANCE

Forward passes, wedge formations, signals and drop kicks were completely banished from the minds of the Shaw High football players on the evening of November twenty-seventh, when they were gathered with their classmates in the gymnasium of the school. The occasion was the annual football dance, given by the senior girls. In honor of the party, the gym was decorated with pennants and posters of varied hues, and a large American flag, which did service as a curtain for a cozy-corner. This corner proved to be a highly popular feature of the evening. All the famous heroes of the Shaw gridiron, and all the other regulars with many of the scrubs. Miss Hartman and Miss Parsons chaperoned the dance and incidentally lost no opportunity to enjoy the fun. The festivities ended at twelve o'clock when Mr. Kinson turned out the lights.

JUNIOR DANCE

March seventh, the Junior Dance was held at Glick's Dance Hall. A great number of guests were present at the function and it proved to be a huge success.

Other interesting events were the teas given by the Girls' Literary Club during the year. The first tea was the initiation of the new members. Each new member had to give some "stunt," either singing or pantomimes. Afterwards tea was served on the stage in the auditorium by Kathryn Calder, the president and her committee. The whole stage was decorated with beautiful autumn leaves. After the tea, the girls danced.

LOOKING FORWARD

... the ... freight depot.

Time: 1935.

Voices from the crate:

"My dear!" gushed the fountain, as well as it could through its straw packing, "what could have brought you here?"

"I was given notice," replied the humorously-inclined bulletin board.

"Too many scraps," squeaked a lop-sided waste-basket.

"Old age," cried a shrill, muffled voice.

"Ay, mirror, you speak the truth," put in a benevolent-looking desk. "We're not needed any more at our old posts."

"Yes," snapped the waste-basket, "when we've spent our youth and usefulness in their service and just begin to hope for palmier days in the new school, we're kicked out; rank ingratitude, I call it!"

"I just think you're right, Mr. Waste-Basket," said the fountain, with a flounce inside its casing.

"Mr. Basket, if you please," snarled the scrap-basket, who, by now was in a high temper.

"Oh, but wasn't it grand, though!" pacified the desk.

"Well, if you call it grand being filled with notes and old apple-cores and then kicked about the study-room floor till you're lop-sided, I *don't*!"

"No, nor do I call it grand, standing by the office door and keeping up a constant stream of conversation for twenty-nine years!" The fountain always referred to her outpourings as conversation, out of vanity.

"Nor having silly girls prinking at you all day long," shrilled the mirror.

"Now, children, don't get up on your ear," admonished the desk, in a motherly fashion. "I mean the dedication of the new Shaw University, of course."

"Oh, *wasn't* it wonderful! My dear! those gowns and hats, did you ever see such loves of hats?" cried the fountain.

"The place was just packed with old grads, too. Never saw so many people I knew before. It was sort of nice to think you'd been associating common-like, every day, with all those famous people," admitted the bulletin board with pardonable pride.

"Did you see Mary Mehard in those five thousand dollar sables?" spouted the fountain. "They say she's a society leader way out in Be-a-wau-wee, Iowa."

"Did you not see Charles Arthur," swelled the basket, pridefully, "the man who bridged the Atlantic! Stouter and bald, but still the same old Chuck."

"He took a drink from me, and said, 'I don't guess I've tasted such a good drink since I graduated,'" loftily remarked the fountain.

"They all wanted to see us old fellows in the old building before they left, too, did you notice? In spite of the tremendous new halls," chuckled the desk.

"Many's the time Pip Danforth has pinned a notice on me, and who'd think ... the bulletin board."

"Do you mind Mourton Case?" asked the waste-basket.

"Re—mem—ber—Char—," called a new voice.

"Keep still," shouted the basket, testily. "He's founded a new religious sect up in Alaska."

"What's their belief?" cried all.

"Non-belief; they pick to pieces every known religion week-days and play the same game Sunday."

"Re-mem-ber Char-lotte-Es-tep!" went on the new voice, undisturbed. It was the clock from room sixteen. "She's mar-ried-to-a-min-is-ter."

"I could have told you that twenty years ago!" snapped the waste-basket.

"And what's become of Harry Farrand?" remarked the desk to avoid discussion.

"He's with Barnum and Bailey's" rejoined the mirror.

"What's he doing?" asked the bulletin-board.

"You're way behind time," chuckled the bulletin-board. "Why, it was Stanley Young; they say it was magnificent. Ay, there's one that knows what it is to be great."

An awed hush followed.

"Do you mind Bernardine Keiser?" said the waste-basket.

"She used to scribble on me all day," said the desk.

"She edits the 'New York Herald' now."

"Speaking of marriages—" interrupted the fountain.

"I wasn't," squeaked the basket.

"—did you ever see anything so romantic as Doris Whitslar's? Just *think*, she came over from England for the dedication."

"What's she doing there?"

"Oh, haven't you *heard*? The married a *duke*. Wasn't that too sweet for words?"

"Think of all the geniuses in that class! Anne Parks an artist; Raymond Atkinson, a professor; Randall Ross, a plumber; Geraldine, a prima donna; Harold and Dody, actors; M—"

"Don't forget Keith Allen," said the fountain with a simper.

"What's he?"

"Oh, the *loveliest* cigar-drummer!"

"Yes, but where are Florence Runner and Katharine Tener?"

"Doing something out of the ordinary, I suppose?"

"Not at all, perfectly human, both of them, and married."

By now the occupants of the crate were fairly shrieking in their excitement; the air was filled with:

"Do you remember—"

"Did you—"

"Think of—" until they were hoarse.

"Well," concluded the mirror, in a cracked whisper, "no one can say we're antiquated in thought at least! Look how we've kept up with the times."

"Who said we were antiquated?" fiercely demanded the waste-basket, settling its necktie.

"I can't understand why we were taken out," said the bulletin board.

Just then a tramping was heard outside the big crate that held these worthies, and a gruff voice called:

"W'at's this stuff and w'ere's it bound for?"

"Put 'em on the 3:15 freight to Squeedunk," answered a high squeaky one. "It's a lot of old junk that new college don't need no more, and sends down state to litter up some little country school house with."

OUR NEW BUILDING

A GREAT change will be seen in Shaw High School within another year. The fine building, opened only a few years ago, has already been outgrown, and a larger school made imperative. In this short time the enrollment has risen from scarcely 200 to over 550, and the board has been forced to turn many others away. To meet this wonderful growth the citizens have wisely decided to erect an annex, the plans for which have just been drawn. The principal object of this addition is, of course, to provide for the increasing enrollment. With its completion the capacity of our school will practically be doubled.

The plans of the architect will necessitate a considerable change in the present building as well. Both the gymnasium and the auditorium will be divided off into class rooms, while the manual training department will be removed to the annex. In this way eight large recitation rooms will be obtained.

In the preparation of the plans, the school board has allowed nothing to be slighted which would help to make Shaw the best equipped and most modern of high schools. Especially has the board been generous in its treatment of the physical training department. The old gymnasium which has proved itself much too small will be replaced by one larger and better. Not only will the basketball floor be larger, but it will be completely surrounded by a spectators' gallery and a running track, two advantages so sorely lacking in the old gymnasium. Perhaps the most strictly modern provision, however, will be an eighty-foot swimming pool. The tank, both in regard to size and construction, will be one of the finest in Cleveland; in fact there are but few in the city. With its completion it may well be expected that in a few years swimming, too, will have its place among the high school sports along with football, basketball and hockey.

The principal portion of the new structure will be occupied by an auditorium. As with the gymnasium, so the new auditorium will be a vast improvement over the old. With a seating capacity of about 1,200, or nearly 600 more than the present hall, even the mid-year play can scarcely be expected to over-crowd it. The stage, too, will have a distinct advantage over the present one. Not only will it be larger, but it will also be so constructed that the scenery may be raised and lowered. This arrangement will save much of the delay and confusion of shifting the scenes, and will give Shaw High School an auditorium of which we all may well be proud.

Thus, the citizens of East Cleveland have wisely and generously provided for the expansion and improvement of their school. They have done, and will continue to do, all in their power to make Shaw the broadest and best of high schools. But the true test of a school lies not in its equipment, but in the type of young men and young women it produces. The city will provide the equipment. The rest remains with the students. It remains with us to make the most of these great opportunities, and repay this enormous investment.

R. C. ATKINSON, '13.

JOKE



1913

G. SHELTON '14.



JOKES

You beat your pate,
And fancy wit will come,
Knock as you please,
There's nobody at home.



Miss Swope to freshman: "Come girls, all raise your left hand. Now the hand you have up in the air is the foot you start out on."

Miss Penberthy to Jay Unger: "Jay, you are a model English student."

Jay, jumping to the dictionary finds this definition: "Model," a small imitation of the real thing.

Mr. Brown, drawing some curves on the board: "What is this, Herman?"

H. Boley: "An eclipse."

Mr. Brown: "You're thinking of the moon."

Miss Quay: "Ruth, why does the Nile overflow?"

Ruth C.: "Isn't it because it has too much water?"

Mr. Brown, during mid-years, to class who are chewing pencils, holding their brows, and looking wistfully out of window: "Are any of you too cool?"

Miss Goodwin in German class asks Amcha Castillo: "What is the opposite of 'hell'?"

Amelia: "Heaven."

Rich. Arter in Geometry: " $X = Y$ because all things are equal."

F. W. in French II: "He won't die, is he?"

Miss Dunning: "Well now, what is the matter with the ending of that theme?"

Rose Patchin: "Why, he didn't finish the ending."

Mr. Carter in Physics: "This subject is not like History; here you are studying facts."

Kenneth Gardner, having quoted the words of an eminent statesman: "And mind you, these are not my words, just my opinion. These are the words of a man who knows what he is talking about."

Ruth Martyn in Virgil: "She shed long tears."

Lucy Wensley: "Er hat seine Brot gewahlt." (He chose his bride.)

Mr. Seaton, presiding in Miss Kaufholz's absence; hastily turning from the blackboard: "I want that stopping talked."

Lawrence Breck's official parent after receiving his report card at close of 2nd term: "I don't like that 'D' in Cicero, Lawrence."

Lawrence: "I told Miss Parsons you wouldn't like it, but she was too contrary to change it."

Miss Gleeson, distributing books: "Return these books just as fast as you get them."

Mr. Struggles, assigning Geometry lesson: "Tomorrow you may take propositions 17 and 18, 19 and 20, and omit the last two."

Mr. Carter, inquiring for a result to a problem in Physics: "Harry, what have you?"

Harry, with wandering attention and guilty conscience: "Gum!"

Harry, translating German: "I drank a glass of water."

Miss Goodwin, directing him to translate another sentence: "Take another, Harold."

Miss Gleeson: "Now, Harry, I think it's time to turn that page, you have translated two lines on the next page already."

Mr. Brown, in Geometry class: "Fred, you may construct a circle with three sides given."

A new way of translating the first line in Caesar for the freshman: "All gall is divided into three parts: cheek, nerve, and audacity."

Mr. Carter: "Why is this city so thickly populated?"

Pupil: "Because of the density of the population."

Mr. Carter, explaining the "watt" in Physics: "What is a 'watt'?"

Pupil: "Watt?"

Miss Comstock: "Well, what is the first thing you see when you go into the study-room?"

P. Tylor: "Miss Comstock."

Miss H., in Botany: "Roy, what is plant ecology?"

Roy L.: "Wait a minute, I'm looking it up."

M. Brown in Cicero: "Who so bold, so hasty, so *headlong* (headstrong)."

Definition of a sand Dune: "A pile of sand that runs along."

Senior: "I think of him every minute."

Bright Friend: "Why don't you try thinking of him every second. You know second thoughts are best."

Miss Comstock: "How do you define 'black as your hat'?"

Bright Pupil: "Darkness that may be felt."



Mr. Carter: "Did you filter this?"

Herman B.: "No, I was afraid it couldn't stand the strain."

R. Henn in Physics: "Could you drink liquid air?"

Mr. Carter: "You can do most anything once."

Randall Ross in Virgil: "Flee, oh son, fly."

Ruth Martyn: "We flee from the sight, lifeless."

Miss H.: "Have you ever heard of invisible vapor?"

H. Farrand: "No, I never saw any."

Miss Dunning to freshman: "Is there anything you can do better than anybody else?"

Pupil: "Why yes, read my own writing."

Cordy: "Is Atlee Schafer's father in the Schafer-Suhr Coal Co.?"

Babe K.: "I think so, but I couldn't Schafer-Suhr."

Miss Goodwin: "George, explain the familiar singular form of a German verb."

G. Quay: "I have to use that in addressing an acquaintance that you don't know."

Passage in Greek II: "This wall was made of baked bricks."

Pupil's translation: "This wall was made of boiled bricks."

Miss Drake in English III: "What translation of the Odyssey did you use in your freshman year?"

Louise Alt: "Homer's."

Heard in Botany: "An herb is a plant."

Miss Drake: "What did Dryden do at the end of his life?"

Harry Hahn: "He died."

Miss Swain: "What is the fundamental thing in a democratic spirit?"

Harold Ammerman: "Free tariff."

Mr. Newman, posing junior class picture: "People, I wish you knew how to pay attention."

George Kaull, remembering Miss Dunning's new word: "What he wants are creative listeners."

Miss Kennan: "Does the tide rise once in twelve hours or twice in twenty-four hours?"

Helen Newmeyer (in a theme): "The silence was deafening."

Rudolph Bard appears at 7:45 with all his books under his arm. Miss P.: "Rudolph, do you really study from all those books?"

Rudolph: "Oh no, I do this to carry out that study schedule effect."

Complicated: "An autobiography is a biography written by the subject of it."

An item of importance: "Benjamin Franklin's father was a tallow chandelier!"

Mr. Johnson in Civics: "Harold Ammerman's recitation is like an Ingersoll watch, makes a lot of noise and isn't worth much."



Culled from the Mid-Year Examinations

Question: "Name the first regular English comedy,"

answer: "The first regular English comedy is *Ralph Roster*, written by Thomas Scarrum."

"Erasmus—a play written by Wyclif."

"Brook Farm was the farm to which the Vicar of Wakefield moved when he lost his fortune."

A little girl of about six years of age smiles sweetly at Norman Alexander as she passes the window of room 8. Norman jumps up and goes to the window at which Mr. Johnson remarks: "Flirt with someone your own size, Norman."

The outside reading book "Montague" was not in the book case, so Winifred wrote to Miss K. "Montague has gone to Europe but I don't know just where he is traveling at present."

In Caesar, Norman Sanborn: "Not once in the memory of man has anyone of them, having been killed, refused to die."

POEM

Into the study room once came
A little yellow cur,
He wasn't really much to blame
But, oh my! What a stir!
Right to the teacher's desk he sped,
His tail was lifted high,
At once in fright, he turned and fled—
He'd caught the teacher's eye.
Straight down the aisle he dashed in dread
His fur stood up with fright;
Through all the noise a sharp voice said,
"Please take him out of here."
Three boys rushed at the harmless pup,
They grabbed him by the fur,
He gladly let them take him up.
So ended all the stir.

—Margaret King, '13.

LE WIT DE MONSIEUR BARNETTE

Monsieur P. H. Barnette est un bon grocière en East Cleveland. Ofteime son bisenites, pies, et cetera make un ache d'estomac. Ils sont non bon, mais ils take le prize pour antiquité. Un goodli numberre de fellows toujours go à la store de Monsieur P. H. Un day je wenta à sen store et castât mes eyes sur un cake. Un autre boy était avec moi. We habât un gros argumenté au subject de l'age de la cake. Je sayât qu'it habissent deux years. En fin nous callâmes à le bon Monsieur P. H. He sayât: "Mon jeune homme vous ought to be ashamé de vous-même, sif vous were en schoolé whenne cette cake was puttée en cette show-case! A cake est un relique d'oldenne times, n'est-ce pas?"

THE HIGH SCHOOL LIBRARY

The Message . . .	John G. G. G.
The Chimes . .	John G. G.
The Seat of the Mighty	John G. G.
The Federal Judge . .	Mr. Carter
Our Mutual Friend .	Mr. Brown
Wild Animals I Have Known	Football Team
The Sweet Girl Graduate	Doris Whitslar
The Sky Pilot	Harold Clum
The Very Small Person	Harry Farrand
Much Ado About Nothing	Literary Club
The Drummer Boy	Howard Barrows
Little Men	Six Inch Club
Out for the Coin	Athletic Association
A Study in Scarlet	Charles Arthur
The Flying Dutchman	Herman Boley
Les Miserables	English IV. Poets
Soldiers of Fortune	Ernest Randall
Master of Silence	Charles Brookhart
Lives of the Hunted .	John G. G.
The Right of Way	Alice Roberts
A World of Girls	The Class of 1913
Prisoners of Hope	The Flunkers

BELLUM AGAINST BIDERMANI INCIDENTUS SENIORUM.

Itus welli knownibus quam Quintus Alfredo Biderman habeo mustachium magnum. Hi erat non phased in leastum bi sarcasticibus remarkibus of boyium in scholo. Unuo dayi hi erat accosti bi wun Seniorium et toldi in basemento to go. Hi wenti, saw, sed non conquerebat. Hic fello insted *erat* conqueri. Magnus ganges ruffneckium erat in basementio. Unus habeo para scissores. His recklessi ruffneckes leapus auf hic Quintum et bearum down bi forced marches, et magnum numerum. Quintus Alfredo habebat magnum ire sed matered non: Senior cum scissoribus clippi off magnum partem mustachio. Gangus, being dispersi bi bello recesso, leftem Quintum Alfredonem Bidermun surveyum remanes mustachium in mirrori, hic fello being veri disgustibus.

—Finis.

MISDIRECTED ENERGY

Paying 25c for A. A. dues.	Senior Class Poems.
Going to Senior Class Meeting.	Yelling at a football game.
Asking permission to talk in study room.	Conjugating a French verb.
Attending Gym.	Reading "Vanity Fair."
Football practice.	Bluffing Miss Penberthy's card system.
Calling for order in Debating Club.	Miss Swain's requesting a Monday morning Milton class to wake up.
First Annual Board Meeting.	

WHAT'S IN A NAME?

MRS. SMITH, a French Dancer, was a Young Gardner's Little wife. She set her Hart on finding her Husband, so sent Dan-forth over the Hills and Fields to Kaull him. The Black ground was covered with White Snow. This happened in France, where Dan met a King and a Knight on a Green, playing Dice. He hurt his Foote on a Broken Stone near the Brooks. He went home and found the Cook in a Hole because she could not find the pad-Lock. She was reading a Book, which told the Wright Way of Cooking Hens in Case she went to New York. There was a Rapp on the door. It was the Oatman that Calder, who had just come from the Mills. She gave him a Scat-on the Ellwood chair. He said, "In Armington, a man hit Mehard and I would not Barrett, so in a Furry I ran Forward and smote him a Batt on the Bean. He Rose saying, 'Heck-man!' and Clum up the Banks after me in Estep. It was a busy Day for me. I sped through the Parks to Burton. He was A-very good Runner. In a Kurt manner he Swope down upon me and I had my Struggles. He used every Means to Pullman apart. It is a wonder I am still Olive, the thought of it makes me Quayle. The Frayer ended, for a cop came by."

Dan came out and asked the Oatman if he had seen the Young Gardner. The Oatman said he lives in a Factory and was a German with a heart as strong as a Lyon. "Yes, he did Mary," he said.

"Hoolah-gee," said Dan in a Haves," he Hath-a-way peculiar, a man with two wives, he is a Mora-man."

Dan put on his Derby and left the house with no Moore Faith in his master. He told Mrs. Smith. She said Her-man was Wirth-less, and she was Gay to have him gone. She never Dunham no harm yet, but great Scott, the woman would be a Merville who Baird his peevishness. She wasn't for seein' him Harmon no one, and hoped he would Treter well.

Dan awoke from his Kuapp—it was only a dream

SOME FAVORITE SONGS

Alice Roberts	"Can't you see I'm lonely?"
Dorothy Yost	"Alexander's Rag Time Band."
Alfred Goss	"How I love a pretty face."
Fred Huggins	"That's all I Know."
Florence Runner	"My Hero."
Herman Boley	Der Deutcherland
Pauline Moffet	"Baby Face."
Janet Lewis .	I'd like to Lock you in my heart and throw the key away."
Helen Ehret .	"Bilk"
Norman Alexander	"My Baby Doll"
Sleepy Barrows ..	"Mr. Dream Man."
Annual Board	"Every little bit."
Special-Car Passengers	"That Gaby Glide."
Ralph Gordon	"After the Ball is Over."

NACH DEM MID-YEAR PLAY

Es was Saturday Morgen nach dem Mid-year Play. Sechs von uns waren da. Miss Whittington war auch da. Wir fixen der Scenerie und war putten auf dem Stage, viele Chairen, Tabellen und so weiter. Wir arbeiten fur zwei langen Houren, und es was halb nach zwolf. Dann kam der Question der Essen. Niemand von uns hatten any Lunch. Wir nahmen einen Collection auf, und bald haben wir ein Thaler und zwanzig Pfenningen. Wir callten Reed's auf und orderten some strawberry Ice cream und some Waferen. Sie arrove in ein halb uhr, during welches wir almost starvten. Erst wir lockten allen Dooren weil wir einen Raid farren bei den Basket Ballem in dem Gym. Wir essen auf dem Stage und jeder hatte zwei Dishen Ice creames und zehn Cookien; und each von uns a greeten dass es war der ersten squarem mealen in drei Wochen.





THE YOUNGER GENERATION

ONE hates to think of a Lee, lacking a college education," mused Mrs. Spencer, regarding her trim daughter rather ruefully.

"One hates to think of a Lee keeping a boarding-house," retorted her husband's sister, Augusta, snapping the lid of her eye-glass case.

"A Lee," remarked Mrs. Spencer, with a little uplift of her plump, weak chin, "could lend dignity to any station."

"Even a garbage collector," smiled irreverent Anne, buttoning a stiffer collar to her stiff, white shirt waist.

"Anne, my dear!" with mild horror. "The North," continued Mrs. Spencer, as one having given the matter judicial thought, "is not a place in which to bring up children. They acquire a certain lack of reverence, a—a—I was the first of the original Lee ever to marry a northern man and, at your poor father's death I should most certainly have taken you south again if—if—" Mrs. Spencer's wrist turned gracefully to imply a situation too delicate for words.

"You mean if you hadn't had to make your own living—and a precious small one it is, with your baby methods," brusquely, yet not unkindly, supplemented Sister-in-law Augusta.

"Yes," sighed Mrs. Spencer, placidly rocking to and fro, "it is rather hard to make an appreciable profit at times." Somehow she had quite forgotten the most important thing to be prepared for—namely, the innuendo beds that yawned through the open doors across the hall.

"Now see here, Juha," began Sister-in-law Augusta, setting her bonnet more firmly, "I came here to talk to you. I haven't time to waste, so let's get right down to the bottom of things. This business," with a sweep of her hand at the whole house, "barely keeps you alive. Now you got Anne through high school finally. Then why can't she stay here from now on and learn to run this place as it should be run? What earthly difference if fifty of your ancestors did go through college? You can't afford to put Anne through, and not being a boy she can't work her way through. Besides some times girls get queer ideas of independence at college. They want to go out into business, into offices and shops and so forth. It savors of immodesty to me. The place for a girl is at home. Anne's more practical than you are. I'll take her in hand; with a few months of my training she'd be able to run this place with less Lee and a lot more sense."

During this volley-fire Mrs. Spencer's face wore, at times, a pained expression, but she reminded herself that though Augusta's tongue was sharp, there

was no shoulder quite so comforting to lean on, when in despair. Though her speech was tactless and blunt, Sister-in-law Augusta had a bright, cheery way of beaming at one through her glasses. So Mrs. Spencer merely shook her head sadly:

"Oh, but Anne would be just a sort of servant to these people! No L—"

"Well, what are you?" Augusta leaned forward; she loved discussions,—loved to whittle her point cleanly and then drive it in forcibly, with a calm, judicial enjoyment.

Mrs. Spencer only shook her head again and rocked on.

"Home is the place for her; no crazy gadding about, doing work men are better fitted for!"

"Yes," agreed Mrs. Spencer, "it would be dreadful to have one's daughter *work*," with an indescribable emphasis. "Just fancy a—"

"The roast's done," said Anne, who had slipped out during the discussion and now stood in the doorway, a clean gingham apron enveloping everything about her except two stubby boots and her neat, braid-crowned head.

"Well, Anne," said her aunt with kindly briskness, "why don't you speak? When do you want to begin?"

"Begin," echoed Anne, with an amused twitch at one corner of her mouth. "Oh, I begin Monday, as typewriter at Stone's. There's lots of room for advancement there, and I can be studying shorthand in the evenings."

BERNADINE KRISER, '13.

A SKETCH

THE shadows lengthened across the lawn, and from the back porch of the hotel there floated the strains of mandolins, playing soft, lingering music.

The air was laden with the scent of honeysuckle, and the blue southern sky stretched in a great dome over the little winter colony at the foot of the mountain. A jaunty figure sauntered across the grassy turf of the links followed by his dramatic black pony and his tight white tail led a cloud of dust, which, as it drew nearer, disclosed a pair of riders, hot and dusty after a hard climb over the mountain.

Winding her way down the trail came an old woman, one of that shiftless, lazy race which dwells in the hills of the south. She was clothed in a rusty-looking calico dress and wore a faded blue sunbonnet pulled down over her wrinkled face, on which was reflected all the hardships of her lonely life. She dropped wearily down on the step, beside her basket of pitcher-plants which she had come to sell, making no effort, however, to find a customer. Finally, after exchanging a beautiful green plant for a few cents she dragged herself up and trudged off up the path to her little hut in the hills.

A few eyes followed her wistfully, but for the most part she was unnoticed. The jaunty person came in from his game and the chattering group on the veranda scattered. Only one girl remained, staring with sweet, serious eyes up the narrow, winding mountain trail.

HAZEL HULBARD, '13

THE GRAY CITY

IT was late that Sunday afternoon when Mathew Morgan wandered aimlessly down one of the main business streets of the city. Everything seemed strangely quiet and deserted. Little eddies of light, crisp snow scurried along the sidewalk, whisking into doorways and around corners. Mathew Morgan was a middle-aged man with a thin, pale face. He walked with his hands thrust deep into the pockets of his shabby suit. He missed his overcoat now that it had turned cold. He wandered on, scarcely noticing anything about him, until suddenly, he raised his eyes, attracted by the bright windows of a club house. He stood for a moment delighted with the soft red lights, the restful walls, and luxurious chairs of which he had caught a glimpse. Then with a sigh Mathew Morgan turned away, thinking—thinking, and wishing. He had gone perhaps three or four blocks before he realized it. Then he turned to look back. That same look of delight spread over his face, for he was an artist, although he had never painted a picture. He forgot the cold and the heaviness of his heart, for there before him lay a wonderful misty, silver-gray city, silhouetted against the vivid orange which gleamed through the torn gray clouds. The sky-scrapers were soft, silver-gray masses against the western glow, and the broad street in which he stood, narrowed and melted into the mist at their feet. Everything was so softly beautiful as to seem unreal. Then, as he looked, tiny lights began to show. The flashing electric signs in the distance added much to the charm. Mathew Morgan, the artist, stood spellbound for several minutes, until an extra cold blast from around the corner brought him back to Mathew Morgan, the failure. He turned and went on again, realizing that the picture of the gray city was one luxury, at least, that no one could take from him.

DORIS DOAN, '13.

EDITORIAL

ONE half of the school year is over; one half is yet to come. To most of us the beginning of the term is a time of great excitement, from freshman entrance to senior exit. To some it has been the passing of the first step, to others the beginning of the last. But there is one thing that the mid-year has meant to everybody; it has been a pause in the work of the year, a brief respite in which we may or rather must, sum up what we have accomplished since September. At this time, the results of our work are made perfectly clear to us. During this year perhaps, we may have been able to deceive ourselves (or our teachers) and to palm off the belief that our work was good. It may be that it was, and if so, we know it to a certainty now; but if the opposite is the case, we are equally sure of that. Now is the time that we are permitted to look backward and forward and to have a clear realization of just what work will bring what outcome. Remember that there is such a thing as "wriggling" through January, but "wriggling" through June is rare. Right now we would better consider what we have done, decide what we are going to do, and the end of this term will mark the completion of another successful school year.

OSBORN GOLDRICK, '14.

CHARACTER SKETCH

"H, yes, I'll wait on them," said the clerk, frowning irritably. She approached the two newcomers leisurely, glancing around with a self-satisfied expression. She came up to them, but it was the customers who spoke first.

"We'd like to see spring suits," said the older of the two, in a gentle voice. "We are looking for one for my daughter here—just an every-day one, please."

"This way," jerked out the clerk, moving her pencil up and down in her hair. They walked through the large room, following the clerk. She went into an ante-room, and after some moments, she appeared with one coat over her arm. Without a word she held it up before the older woman.

"That is very pretty," she said, "suppose you try it on, Eleanor. We could tell better that way." She helped Eleanor get her coat off, and waited until the clerk got through staring out of the window before she helped Eleanor to slip into it, and whirled her around to fasten up the front.

Eleanor looked at herself in the long mirror. What a contrast there was between her dingy, shabby blue skirt and the new spring jacket. The coat certainly did fit well.

"That looks nice," commented the mother, rubbing her hands across the back, "but it does seem as though it is rather too extreme for a girl like you."

The clerk sneered.

"Oh mother, no it isn't. That's the way they *all* are—cutaway like this," said Eleanor, looking appealingly at her mother.

"I'm afraid it is," said her mother; "it wouldn't last more than one season."

Eleanor looked at herself in the glass again.

"Yes, it would," she said, approaching her mother and taking hold of her arm. "Wouldn't it?" She appealed to the clerk.

"I s'pose so," said the clerk, standing with her hand on her hip, and tapping her foot on the floor.

"Well, I don't know—how much is it?" asked the mother.

"Forty-three," snapped out the clerk.

"Oh."

Eleanor began unbuttoning the coat, and slipped it off. She laid it carefully on the table. "Haven't you any others—cheaper?" she asked anxiously.

"You'll have to go down stairs in the basement. We don't keep cheap goods up here."

She took up the coat and disappeared into the ante-room again.

Eleanor and her mother were starting towards the elevator when the clerk appeared again.

"The idea of those people coming up here for a twenty dollar suit. I hope they know now what we keep up here," she told a clerk, who was standing near her, as she pulled out her check-book.

KATHRINE KEELER, '13.

A SALE

PEDDLER MARY knocked on the kitchen door, and then walked in. Angular Mrs. Blile in a blue gingham apron merely looked up and said, "No, thank you, I don't need anything today."

On a sash on the wall she opened two satchels and took out a bundle of goods beside her satchels, and unlocked both of them.

Mrs. Blile glanced sharply at her.

"No, I haven't time to look at a solitary thing this afternoon, and I mean it," and she went on making her pie crust.

By this time the peddler had taken off her coat and "fascinator," and had begun to lay her articles out on the table of the kitchen table.

"Now, do you want any hairpins, safety pins, cuff buttons, shoestrings, men's handkerchiefs, socks, thread, elastic, yarn, or—anything else?"

"No, I should say not, what would I want with men's socks anyhow?"

"Oh, you know," she answered shyly as she warmed her fingers over the kitchen range.

"Yes, I suppose," answered Mrs. Blile, "and I can never think I know why I'm to have five extra people for supper tonight? It gets me clean disgusted just to think of it."

Then Mary took out a tin of hairpins and a tin of safety pins, and then took out the articles mentioned before, opened up the other satchel. "I didn't expect you'd want any of those things," she explained, "but I've got something here that will save you money."

"That's it. Start in on that now," Mrs. Blile began testily, "that's all I've heard all afternoon. The club met here, and what did Mrs. Merwel have to do but bring some travelling woman to speak on economy. It makes me dizzy to think of it. I heard, and judging from the width of her skirt, I'm I guess she's economical all right."

"Now, my girl—runner my girls worked hard on, but I'll let you have it for three dollars."

"No, I don't want it," answered Mrs. Blile, "I don't want to get up per ready. If I go anywhere I let people know beforehand and don't swoop down on them like a chicken-hawk, and, just as if things weren't bad enough already, Emily had to ask if I would please make cream pie. Some people must think I was born making pies, but here I am"—and she tasted the pie crust critically to make her story more convincing—"and anyway, I don't need anything today."

"Now, here's a shirt-waist front," the Armenian woman insisted, "worked out on linen, for three and a quarter."

"Don't need it, I say, and besides it's not worth more than three dollars. Why don't you go and sell it to Mrs. Fisher? She doesn't do a thing the livelong day but read and go to the theatres."

"I never go there any more," replied the peddler, while she was taking out more goods for inspection, "and I thought that you'd buy something today."

"Mercy, there's that telephone," interrupted Mrs. Blile, as she hastily washed her doughy fingers, and ran to the telephone. She returned in a few minutes with a radiant face.

"They've decided that it's too cold to come tonight and—come to think of it, I believe I'll look at that waist again."

WINIFRED SCHROEDER, '13.

AN INCIDENT

THE chief of police in the particular town I am thinking of is a very eminent and respectable gentleman. He is a terror to all evil-doers and auto-speeders, both of whom he holds in the same light. Through his daring and bravery he soon made himself the idol of the small boys, and frequently his name appeared in the newspaper of the large neighboring town, connected with some new exploit. Chief of police is only one of his numerous offices. He is building inspector, chief of the fire department, and sewer inspector as well. He is a large man with gray hair and bushy eyebrows under which his eyes are continually sparkling and seem to open up your very soul to their gaze. This chief is very strict as to discipline. His standing army of patrolmen, numbering four or five, is in constant terror that he will find some fault with them or catch them breaking rules.

One dark and gloomy night, about one o'clock, one of the patrolmen actually had the temerity to light a cigar. The street was deserted and he thought he was safe. Not so. Our eagle-eyed and eagle-nosed chief smelled the smoke from his station and immediately sallied forth in quest of the law-breaker. Some say it was by chance that he met the recreant, but he, the chief, said that he had always suspected the law-breaker. The patrolman was so taken by surprise that he stared, mute, at his chief who had "gumshoed" up to him un-awares. The chief replied by a look of contempt, and, saying nothing, headed for the nearest phone box. He jerked down the receiver and roared his commands in the unoffending box. Windows were thrown up and people stared at the defender and yet disturber of the peace. This pleased the chief and he attracted more attention by ordering the man at the station to place the patrolman in suspension for three days. He then walked away with stately tread, enjoying the admiring glances cast at him by the aroused populace. Soon he was alone again and all was still. After glancing around furtively, the chief pulled out a huge cigar and was soon enjoying the smoke as if he were a real human being after all.

HARRY FARRAND, '13

JACK AND THE "SWARM"

DOWN Providence Road at full tilt came a bare-footed boy with a swarm of children in a cloud of dust at his heels. He jumped across the spring branch and darted in under the milk-house eaves, while the "Swarm" drew up on the other bank in evident impatience. Swung bundle-wise under his arm he held a small, tow-headed bunch, and as he landed on the stone door-sill he hastily deposited it on the floor at his sister's feet. "Say, Sis," he panted, "you just keep Sarah for us a little while, won't you? Jest joggle her with your foot this way if she goes to cry." And in demonstration of his directions, Jack set the mite on one of his bare feet and administered a short series of up and down motions. Then dropping little Sarah, Jack departed at top speed, surrounded, as he came, by the loyal "Swarm."

DOROTHY DAWES, '13.

REMINISCENCES

THE room in which the G. A. R. veterans held their campfires was large and roomy. Its walls were clumsily festooned with flags of all kinds, some being old and threadbare. Over these were pictures of all the officers, the most prominent among them, of course, being Lincoln. Several tables were placed about the room, on which were decks of cards and also cigar stumps and ashes. The chairs were scattered about, facing in every direction. Near the fireplace, where there was a crackling fire, which brightened the dimly lighted room, sat two old veterans, Dan White, who had lost one leg in the service, and Tom Ryan, a rollicking Irishman. White had just finished telling for about the hundredth time how he stole the hot bread out of a rebel woman's oven when the army was marching through Virginia.

"Well, say!" exclaimed Ryan, excitedly waving his cane so that it threatened destruction to a decanter standing on a table at his side. "Did I ever tell you how our regiment got called the 'Rooster Regiment'?" Without waiting for an answer he continued triumphantly, "You see it was this way: One day we each had the good luck to pass a farm where there was a large coop of chickens and we took the liberty to help ourselves. When we returned to camp, each carryin' a chicken on his bayonet, Cap' called on me to explain."

"I bet you could do it all right," interrupted White admiringly. "I ain't never seen an Irishman yet as didn't have a ready answer."

"You're right, all right," said Ryan boastfully, and after pausing to take a puff at his pipe, he continued, "'Well, Cap'." said I, 'don't you know what them be? We didn't know at first, but I'll tell you how this happened. We was all a marching along so nice and orderly like, and these here things got up on the fence by the road and looked and looked at us, and, well, we just couldn't stand anything looking at us so, and we spiked 'em. We was just a going to toss 'em to one side of the road, when Pat he come up and says to us, "Oh," says he, "I believe them be hens. We must take 'em home and make Cap' a chicken stew." So we took 'em. That's how we come to be called the *Rooster Regiment*.'"

"Well, here come Brown and Jones," exclaimed White, as a large blustering fellow, very active for his years, entered, stamping the snow from his feet, and followed by a small, meek-looking man. "Well, Brown, you robust old cherub, do you know what day this is?"

"No," said Brown, rubbing his hands together good humoredly as he walked toward the fireplace, "not unless maybe it's wash day."

"Well, my boy," said Ryan, slapping him on the back, "fifty years ago today we were in the battle of Fredericksburg."

"Remember? Well I guess I do," cried Brown. "We had hard tack, one slice of salt pork, and a pot of black coffee for supper. Jones, here, and I," said Brown, tapping that meek little man on the shoulder, "bunked together the night before the fight and we were so excited that we talked in a muffled whisper 'til nearly dawn."

"Of home and mother," interrupted White, grinning slyly. "I remember you left a few messages, in case you didn't come out of the impending battle

alive to a well, I believe your determination to start. A sweet-faced girl with rosy cheeks, melting blue eyes, etc., but, you old stick-in-the-mud, you never gave me a chance to deliver them, for you came back and got her yourself."

"Yes," said Jones, absent-mindedly picking imaginary flecks of dust from his coat, "and two of our colonels fell in that battle."

"Now, old chap," cried Ryan cheerily, "don't ye be gettin' down-hearted with them there reminiscences. Come on, let's get two more of the boys and start a game of 'Seven up' like as we used to play back in '61 when we were kids."

"No, I must go home," said Jones slowly, as he worked himself into his overcoat, which had a worn G. A. R. button on the lapel. "I don't feel much like playing cards tonight, so goodbye!"

"Nice old chap," mused Ryan, as the door slammed, "but come on, lads, or we won't have our game before it's time to go home."

"All right," cried Brown, taking command. "Shoulder arms! Forward!"

E. RACHEL FARRAND, '13.

A WINTER'S NIGHT

THE ground was covered with snow, gleaming and sparkling where the rays from the dim light in the doorway of the dismal-looking boarding-house, fell on it. A young man opened the shabby door and stood for a moment in the light. Then, shivering, he buttoned his coat closer and ran briskly down the steps, and on down the street. He started in the direction of the city, from force of habit, and then with a start, turned and went the other way. It was a joyous, sparkling, white world, through which he walked, but he did not seem to notice it. The arc lights in the street made everything clearly visible. At first, he passed cheap-looking, run-down buildings, with torn curtains at the windows, and feeble lights showing from the kitchen windows.

As he walked farther, the houses became better and more brightly lighted. The particles of ice on the branches of the trees shone like glittering jewels. Under his feet, the snow crackled with a crisp, pleasant sound. The air was still and cold. But the man did not seem refreshed by it. He walked steadily on, looking neither to the right or left, absorbed in his thoughts.

A street car rushed noisily by him. A swiftly gliding, comfortable looking limousine silently passed him. A group of young people jingling their skates, and talking gaily, entered a brightly lighted house. Many men were shoveling away the snow, delighting in the refreshing change from a steam-heated office.

Suddenly, the man was obliged to stop. He had reached the railroad, and a train was coming; thunderingly it rushed by, annihilating all sound but its own noise. Mechanically, the man watched it go on into the darkness. Then he started, as he realized that the train was going in the direction of his home. A long while he stood and looked into the blackness which held the train. Then slowly, he turned and retraced his way to the dingy boarding-house.

KATHARINE R. TENER, '13.

THE COUNTRY CONSTABLE

THE dust lay thick on the road which ran through the center of the village. This road was the main thoroughfare of Tinkletown, on which were situated the post-office, the town store, the constable's office, and the county lock-up. Ebenezer Harden, the proud holder of the joint office of street commissioner and protector of the peace, stood with his back against the hitching post, and chewed a straw. On the breast of his rusty black alpaca coat were a shiny new tin star and a medal of some sort—for bravery, no doubt. He seemed to be in deep meditation, not so deep, however, as not to brush angrily a buzzing fly from his brand new star, or not to notice a little freckled-faced, tow-headed boy coming toward him as fast as his chubby bare legs could carry him.

"Oh! Mister Hard'n! I heerd some talkin' in the ole hanted house by the crick! Jimmy'n me both heerd it," he added convincingly, as he turned to a little red-headed lad bringing up the rear. "Did'n' we heard it, Jim?" An emphatic nod of the red head was Jimmy's answer.

Eb Harden stroked his chin whiskers slowly and contemplated the two children with awakened interest. There might be something in this, and if he found it out, there would be added glory for him, and probably another medal. "Billy, you run in thar, and get Jed Slocum; and Jim, hush yourself off'n that barr'l and tell my perfee force to come here." These commands were followed by his taking a huge horse pistol and examining it. By the time the crowd was collected, he was through scrutinizing it, and commanded his forces to follow him. Arrived at the creek and the site of the old dilapidated log cabin, he halted. "Look here, Jed, you jest go up to that thar door and knock. If thar's any tramps er—anything in thar, they'll come out, and we'll git 'em." Jed seemed more than unwilling to go, and as no one else volunteered, Eb started resolutely forward, alone. A dead branch dropped with a sharp crack just in front, and the constable, forgetful of his late dignity and his medal for bravery, led the quick return march to town.

JULIA DAVIERS, '13.

THE OLD MISSION

A WINDING path pushed its way back from the hot road through a riot of gray against a background of green pines. The mission was a low wooden structure, having the appearance of being comfortably settled down on the earth although one side was higher than the other. The exterior was very weatherworn and shabby, for the paint, probably once white, was warped and crackled by heat and severe storms. From its tin-topped belfry to its rough plaster foundation it stood unaltered from the day it was built for the Indians in 1830. The heavy timber doors, scarred by bullets, were held up by thick straps of leather.

The sun, just disappearing below the swells in the west, glistened on the tin sheathing of the old belfry and burned like fire in the checkered windows. The birds no longer sang from the top of the tall, untrimmed hedges. The

only sound was the lowing of a cow nearby, while in the distance, could be heard the low bark of a dog. The air was heavy with the fragrance of sweet-clover.

A young man came swinging down the road driving two tired oxen, that, with lowered heads, plodded wearily along, leaving a cloud of dust behind them. He was a tall, big-framed man, from whose face shone a rough good humor. His clothes, although coarse, were comparatively new. From beneath his large straw hat his blue eyes twinkled with fun. He was idly biting at a piece of grass, and between times whistling. Just as he reached the mission the old bell began to ring with a slow, even stroke, not a pleasing sound, but one discordant to the ear, for the bell was old and worn. Attracted by the bell, the young man, evidently a new comer in that region, turned to look curiously at the little building, so unkept and strangely out of place beside the neat farm-houses that he had seen up the road. He did not know that the sight of this same church could bring a thrill of patriotism to the hearts of the country people near it, but he did know that it attracted him strangely. He wanted to go in and explore it, but, suddenly remembering that it was growing late, he again started on down the road and soon disappeared around a curve. Gradually the after-glow faded from the sky, and the landscape became a soft blur of gray. The little mission became invisible, with the exception of the tall weathervane, which stood out against the sky.

E. RACHEL FARRAND, '13.

THE BAY

THE bay lay like a mirror, reflecting the greenish blue of the evening sky, while the shore, curving around, stood out like a ragged black band between the green of the water and the green of the western sky. Nothing was distinct but the black tree tops. In the water was another shore with inkv trees, almost as clear as the one of which it was a copy. Just above the farthest point of land hung the evening star. The soft stillness was hardly disturbed by the barking of a dog on the opposite shore, the sound seemed only to increase the loneliness. Then, suddenly there came a shrill cry. It was a solitary gull, which wheeled and dropped and rose again, black against the sky; and frightened at having approached so near to the land, he darted out toward the open water, still uttering his lonesome cry. A few moments later a gleam of light appeared on the opposite shore, flickering and dancing, evidently a bonfire on the beach. Immediately there shot out on the water a long wavering arm of flame color, making the picture in the water complete. But, scarcely was there time to fully enjoy this scene when from a neighboring dock came a slowly moving black object, so noiseless as to be almost ghostly. By its little swinging orange light one could tell that it was a rowboat. On it came, but it brought destruction to the mirrored picture, shattering it and leaving only a mass of dancing light and shadow. Even the green of the sky had faded with the coming of the boat, and now the stars were appearing in the darkening blue, and the swell from the little boat was lapping softly against the pier; thus the most beautiful hour of the evening passed into night.

DORIS DOAN, '13.

THE WALLED GARDEN

THE city in which it stood has long ago slipped my memory. The only fact that remains is that once, if even up to now, in evenings when I went to walk in the twilight with father and mother, I would suddenly lose sight of them and find myself in a narrow, deserted street, lined with low trees. There seemed to be houses, too, but no one lived in them. There was an air of unreality about the whole street. No wind ever blew, but the atmosphere filled with strange, cold, shivering, faint noises that counted to me like the low, strange, unending murmur of a distant sea. I was left with a feeling of blankness.

Along one side of the pavement ran a high wooden wall, containing in all its length, only one, small peep-hole. Each time it would turn up unexpectedly after a hurried, anxious search. The twilight was short and I was afraid of being called back. After maddening delays the knot-hole was discovered and I applied my eager eye to the crack. At first glance all was darkish in the twilight, but then the soft sound of whispers among the leaves and the long, hollow sound of water falling in a deep pool. Then the dimness took shape slowly. I could see a winding path, black with age and damp with over-hanging bushes.

Beside the path sat a gray satyr playing his pipe. He had been there so long that he seemed to have melted into the place. Whatever roguish twinkles he might once have had, time had obliterated and left only a sad, thoughtful aspect, in keeping with the rest of the garden. His arms were tinged with green and also his shoulders, across which the last long fingers of sunlight lay. Beyond Pan the path slid beneath a gloomy-leaved, foreign tree whose branches swept a thick black shadow beneath them. Further on, the high straggling bushes that followed the path slipped aside, suddenly, to show a black-loamed open space. In the center lay a quiet pool, whereon a fleet of leaves rode at anchor, and beyond that a gray stone seat, vine-trailed. Part upon the seat and part upon the ground lay a brilliant scarlet scarf, embroidered, with a silver butterfly.

Just there everything ended. Path, satyr, and pool misted and dissolved. Only the scarlet scarf stood out blazingly.

Suddenly I found myself upon the main street again, running to catch up with father and mother. The next night, and after that, how I used to look for that street! All the streets I dared, I hunted end to end, and yet the garden would not appear. Three or four nights, perhaps, and then, suddenly opened before me the quiet, dusky street with its low trees and the old wooden wall.

With childish reticence I never spoke of it. I think father and mother did not see it, although at times they spoke of an old house. The garden had become a mere dream to me or a mixed recollection; but now I know that somewhere, at some time, that garden *lived*, for last month in an old pawn shop, half-buried behind newer stores, I found that selfsame scarlet scarf.

BERNARDINE KEISER, '13

THE INFALLIBLE MISS HARRIET

"I WISH that you had done something foolish, just once, sister," ventured Miss Susan, timidly. "Then maybe you wouldn't think I'm such a heathen because I want to use that money Uncle Nathan left us to go to Philadelphia with, instead of giving it as a missionary pledge. I've always dreamed of seeing the Liberty Bell, and everything," she added, half to herself.

The elder sister turned sharply, her black silk rustling in all its crispness.

"But you always prefer black to colors," Susan continued, "and your hair is smooth and stays where it should." Miss Susan's hair though gray was irresistibly curly.

"The only way to be sensible," interrupted Miss Harriet, icily, "is to always consider duty before inclination, and to be satisfied with what you have."

Susan sighed, longingly, just as if she had heard this creed from childhood. Then there was silence in the room except for the clicking of Miss Harriet's knitting-needles and the purring of the cat which Miss Susan held. Soon the latter began to doze but her sister would not endure that in the middle of the afternoon.

"Susan," she began severely, "since it is too stormy to go to the missionary meeting, get *Missions Among the Cannibals* out of the book-case and read it aloud,—and brush the fur that cat has shed on you into a newspaper."

Miss Susan meekly obeyed, handling the cumbersome volume with awe. Just as she opened it a piece of paper dropped out. It was a newspaper clipping dating back forty years. She read innocently.

"Wonderful preparation, warranted to make your hair curl immediately and—"

"If you are going to read that book, please begin." Something in her tone made Susan turn towards her sister and their eyes met for an instant.

"Oh," Susan murmured, the truth slowly dawning upon her. Then, suddenly, as if just finding herself, "The storm has stopped and the ticket office doesn't close for half an hour. I'm going to buy a ticket to Philadelphia." Then, beginning to falter, "You'll go too, won't you?"

Miss Harriet gazed at her sister weakly, at first, but habit proved too strong. "We'll have no more of this foolishness. Bring my coat and mittens. You would catch cold in such weather, and besides it takes sense to buy tickets."

RUTH PHILLIPS, '13.

THE RAPIDS OF THE MUSKOSH

I STOOD upon the rock and watched the rapids in the Muskosh River. The blue water glided down against the rock on which I stood, and swerved to the left with a glassy rippled surface, flowing faster all the while. Suddenly it dropped, but bobbed up again, making a smooth, green wave, as it hurried over a rock. It slid down again. This time the surface was patched with a bubble or two. It bounced up a second time and broke in white foam on the top. The bubbles mixed with the green water and all rushed on in a confused roaring mass over and around rocks, sometimes dashing spray two or three feet high, till all was white. Then it sped on, swirling and tumbling, until out of sight.

HAROLD H. CLUM, '13.

THE FIRST OF SPRING

SOPHIE ran the hem of her apron around the beer-mug she was carrying and set it down, slowly, on the table. Ignoring the zealous arm of her fiery-mustached customer, she made her way past the nine well-filled little tables and the three fiddlers that constituted the ensemble of Hodak's saloon. Only Hodak did not call it a saloon, but something far grander in Bohemian. Hodak was a Bohemian—as were most of his customers—a lank, shriveled man, with little pig eyes, and a black lock of hair that hung before them. He sat now at a corner table, staring at the saturn-like rings of smoke winding round and round the dull hanging-lamp in the center of the room. At the next table three men talked politics with much lifting up and setting down of long glasses. Nearby a squat fellow held forth on "the Union" with emphatic bangs of his fist on the table. There were several groups with their heads together, emitting low monosyllables and clouds of smoke. Behind Hodak the three fiddlers whanged colorlessly.

Sophie, by this time, returned with more beer. Her yellow hair glowed like a foggy sun amidst the smoke-wraiths. It was smooth hair, parted in the exact middle and wound into a tight club at the back of her head. Two straight black eye-brows brought out her far-apart gray eyes; her mouth hung stupidly slack. The torn sleeves of her dirty calico laid bare her great white arms, arms that could have lifted and flung a man the length of the room. She moved about with a certain lumbering dignity, taking notice of no one.

Presently, tray in hand, despite the following of Hodak's little pig eyes, Sophie pushed forward to the half-shuttered windows in the front of the room and stood looking out. In the narrow, cobbled street the tangible darkness shifted back and forth; from two pawn-shops opposite trickled a dingy light. Between these was wedged a battered, sooty church, on whose steeple the cross glowed in the last orange finger of light. Below, a heavy Italian woman, bambino in arms, labored up the church steps and tugged open the grimy door. For an instant Sophie saw, at the end of a long well of blackness, lit candles and a white-gowned figure bearing a taper. Then the door banged.

Behind her, the smoke ceased wreathing and formed a solid fog. The beer-mugs chunked, and the voices swelled to a hoarse clatter. Like arrows the flat whine of the fiddles pierced the curtain of smoke. A glass broke with a fine scream against an iron table-top. But Sophie was far away.

At length the Italian woman crept forth and, muffling the bambino in a shawl, plodded up the street. Again in the out-swing of the door Sophie saw the guttering candles and the white figure of the crucifer, kneeling before the altar. With a clang of finality the door swung to, and the vision ended.

Sophie, staring up, saw the slender cross, outlined blackly now. Above it, in the chill, night-blue sky trembled three stars. A sort of groan broke from the girl, and she flung up one arm in a wild aimless gesture. Her big tin tray shivered against the floor and brought Hodak's glittering pig eyes upon her.

BERNARDINE A. KEISER, '13.

A ROOM

THIS room has several offices. It acts as a sort of sanctuary, as a small-

The floor is covered with a variety of coverings: some are of the thick wooly type and have pictures of horses, dogs and various wild animals successfully woven into them; others are of the lowly rag-carpet type, but the crowning glory is a large rug having fantastic designs in it, and having an extreme variegation of colors.

The walls are adorned with objects that possess a more sombre appearance, such as pictures draped with dusty-looking black crepe, various wreaths faded and dust-heavy, and a multitude of silver coffin-plates with names engraved on them.

In the center of the room stands a large table loaded to the brim with innumerable curios collected by the different members of the family. There are daguerreotypes beyond reckoning, stones with peculiar colors in them, arrow-heads, a stone hatchet attached to a modern handle, and several small baskets filled with shells. There are four chairs all of ancient make with horse-hair seats and backs, also a lounge with three sofa pillows arranged sedately on it; these are seldom used.

The room is kept locked throughout the week until Saturday, when it is opened and someone goes in with a large feather duster and makes a show at removing the dust. None of the articles are ever moved. Sunday the room is unlocked and those who wish, may enter and look about if they are careful not to move anything.

JEAN BATES, '14.

THE DEBATING CLUB

DID you ever wander into the auditorium on a Monday afternoon? If you did, and if you were very serious-minded, you probably were outraged; but if your sense of dignity was just about average, in all likelihood you stayed to see who was to be the next victim of the deadly aim of some of the serious-minded debaters. It suffices to say that the club resembles the House of Commons in some of its most irrational proceedings.

The meeting is opened by the president who, though by no means a giant in stature, nevertheless possesses a great deal of dignity and importance. He raps sharply for order, and surveys the motley crowd with a vigilant eye, while the secretary, a long-faced, serious-looking chap, slowly uncoils himself from his seat, and drones out the minutes of the preceding meeting. The secretary is not destined to go on uninterrupted, however. A nervous, be-spectacled youth rises abruptly, and in harsh tones exclaims, "That is entirely wrong, Mr. President. According to the constitution of this club that should be *that one*, instead of *he*. I demand a correction, and if you look in Robert's *Rules of Order* (a thin red book which the speaker jerks from his pocket with a flourish), you will see that I am right."

"Sit down," replies the president, "you're out o' order."

"I don't care," retorts the argumentative one, "Just look in Robert's—"

"Smith, you are hereby fined ten cents," answers the president, regaining his composure with difficulty.

At this there is a general uproar. The members immediately take sides, most of them opposing the presiding officer, for it is an unwritten law of the club that a chance to persecute the president should never be overlooked. Two belligerent members become so involved in an argument that it becomes necessary for a third to separate them. At length quiet has been restored and everything is going along finely when a fellow, whose eyes seem to contain a perpetual twinkle, arises and remarks in as casual a tone as possible: "Mr. President, I hear that at the recent tailors' convention here, it was decided to slip the button over the buttonhole, instead of putting the buttonhole through the button, as has formerly been the case."

"Your remark is entirely uncalled for," shouts the president, trying to make himself heard in the din that follows this speech. At last order is again renewed. "If there is no more business, we will adjourn to the literary program. Mr. Smuthers will speak on 'The Necessity of Immigration Laws in Abgynia.'" The member in question stalks solemnly up to the platform and talks for several moments on this enlightening subject. After he has concluded, the president again speaks. "Do I hear a motion to adjourn?" A prolonged scuffling of feet follows, and the president, with a relieved look, dismounts from the platform.

CHARLES ARTHUR, '13.

SIMPLICITY FOR HIGH SCHOOLS

EVERYBODY has heard of this country not being true to a part of its identity. The appearance and development of a person at one age is absurd and ludicrous when assumed at any other age. It is ridiculous to see youth aping maturity, and pitiful to see maturity masquerading under the appearance of youth. We would feel a shock and a loss, if colleges should return to preparatory-school ways. Why is it not just as absurd for high schools to imitate colleges?

The high-school senior class of today must have its class colors, its class pin, its class dues, its formal senior dance and its monthly or annual publication; it must have its clubs and organizations. At commencement engraved invitations must be sent out; presents are expected. The senior girl graduate feels badly if she cannot have a class-day dress, a graduation gown and flowers, a suit for baccalaureate Sunday and a dress for the senior dance.

All these things should be left for college graduates for whom they are in place and by whom they can be much more appreciated. Why not let high-school life be as simple as possible? As much fun can be had from it—even more perhaps, for then high-school politics and hard feeling would be entirely done away with. Don't the high-school freshmen and sophomores have just as good time as the juniors and seniors? If the people in high school ape the colleges so, why not let the first and second graders organize and when they join hands and sing "Good morning merry sunshine" pass the "grip" along?

K. K., '13.

CHRISTMAS FROM THE MILKMAN'S CART

IT WAS a bitter cold morning, and the snow crunched under the wheels as the cart was slowly coaxed up the street by the sleepy, stumbling horse.

The place was almost deserted, except for a half-grown boy who was busily engaged in turning out street lamps. He whistled a merry tune and swung his arms back and forth as he went from one post to another.

As I went from street to street the houses took on a more wide-awake appearance. Lights twinkled merrily in the windows, and Christmas greens decorated the houses. "Good morning," called a cheery voice, and I saw a well-dressed man carrying a suit case coming down the street, accompanied by a sweet-faced woman. "Good morning," I called back, "You're out rather early, aren't you?" "Yes," he replied, "we are going over to our daughter's, and we want to get there in time to see the baby's first Christmas tree. Fine morning, isn't it?"

The man just seemed brimming over with good cheer and happiness, and I felt rather good myself as I went around the side of a pompous house, jingling the milk bottles. I almost ran into a dignified man, concealed in a fur coat.

I was so surprised I could only stammer, "Merry Christmas!" He finished putting on his gloves before he looked up; then he merely nodded his head. As he went down the walk towards the garage he called back over his shoulder, "It's Christmas, ask my valet to give you a little something," and without turning his head, he marched into the garage and slammed the door.

I felt like slamming something too, when I went around to the now wide-awake horse. For somehow that horse knew I was more than halfway through my route, and breakfast would be waiting at our destination.

In the white house an hour or so afterwards everyone seemed to be wide-awake and up. A smell of waffles and sausage was wafted out of the kitchen where the maid was happily singing. I was lingering on the back porch trying vainly to see through the frost-stained window, when suddenly the door was opened, and the mistress of the house stood on the threshold, smiling.

"Good morning. Do come in and have a cup of coffee. It's a bitter cold Christmas you know," she said coaxingly.

It did not take me long to decide and I was soon in the warm kitchen eating doughnuts and coffee. Somebody was playing the piano, and everyone was laughing and talking. I stayed as long as possible and then trudged away once more.

The next familiar face I saw was little Tommy Johnson, building a snow fort. "Up early to get ahead of the other fellows, you see," he explained in his business-like way. "Here, stick your hand in this pocket and get some candy." He worked and talked for some time, and then his little sister came out with a lump of sugar for the horse.

"My Christmas present to him," she said seriously. "He's a nice horsey, isn't he?" she said. "I'll bet he can run awfully fast."

I saw the little plan and in a minute both children were in the wagon for the coveted ride, and as I started up the horse, I felt that the Christmas spirit had not escaped me either.

ALDARILLA SHIPLEY, '14.

FRECKLES

I HAD received a camera for Christmas and had learned to develop my pictures. The result was not meant to be mischievous; it was an accident.

One evening when we had company, one of the men remarked that freckles were becoming fashionable, and all the ladies wished to have some. My oldest sister, Jane, said she thought freckles were lovely and it was a good thing, too, as she had about all she could use. Milly, my youngest sister, said she wished she had some, and I wished I could give her some of mine. Mother asked how freckles were made, so Mr. — looked at me and replied: "Mary will understand. You know how the sun makes a picture when it shines on a photograph plate? Well, freckles are made in the same way. No sun, no freckles." This sounded reasonable, but it seemed he had forgotten the chemicals. So I told Milly to come up to my room next morning and I would give her all the freckles she wanted.

Next morning she was up bright and early, ready to be freckled. I exposed her to the sun for six minutes. I exposed my photograph plates for three, but I thought Milly might not be quite so sensitive. Then I took her in a dark closet, and poured chemicals on her cheeks. Then we waited for the freckles, but none came, so I rubbed in more of the chemicals. It was no use. She cried a little because she was disappointed, but she cried more afterwards. You see the chemicals turned her cheeks black and wouldn't come off. The doctor said it would wear off in a year, and wouldn't kill her. Anyway, I never saw any more chemicals, and my camera went to the missionaries.

JESSIE MOLLERHAUER, '14.

A BOY'S CHRISTMAS TRIALS

I WRITE, to show that a boy has hard work at Christmas time, and although he doesn't sigh and groan, it is not right to think that he is idle. He doesn't know what to give to aunts and sisters and grandmothers. If he asks what he or she wants, the persons says, a handkerchief, a necktie, or something. It is never a satisfactory answer.

He can never get waited upon in a store, the women all crowd in, and he has to back out. If he is buying a present for his mother or his sister, he never knows the name of it and says, "One of those things you put around your neck,— you know what I mean."

Then he does errands for his family, and the neighbors, because they haven't time to do them. The only pleasure he gets is for a little while Christmas morning, when he opens his presents. Then he generally gets hat brushes, or something as uninteresting, in place of skates.

As soon as breakfast is over he has to go to uncle's or grandma's, way over in Lakewood, or some other out-of-the-way place, with their presents. It is nearly as hard to write letters as it is to select presents. Of course he can write something but it is very hard to make people think he appreciates the present. The "just exactly what I wanted" formula is too old, but that is all he can think of. Then a fellow's mother says, "That's too short, they'll think they don't teach you anything at Shaw."

His New Year resolution is, "I'll do it early next year!"

GRAY CHESNEY, '15.

TOLD BY NESSUS TO HIS BROTHER CENTAURS WITHIN THE GATES OF AVERNUS

AND thus it happened, brothers, I, too, fell by the hand of Hercules. The gloomy wind-torn heavens seemed to have touched the soul of all nature with a sense of dreary unrest; and as I lingered by the swollen river Evenus, I marvelled that such a placid smiling stream should in the course of one short night become a whirling, seething torrent—as a sweetly studious youth changes after having joined a train of Bacchus' worshippers.

As I pondered thus, I beheld approaching me a maiden and a man. He was great and powerful of stature with a kingly carriage, and was clad in a lordly lion's robe. As I perceived the ponderous, rudely carven club he swung idly with such ease, I realized him to be the great Hercules. Leading the damsel unto me he bade me, in tones like the murmuring of distant thunder, to bear his lady over the roaring waters of the Evenus upon my back, whilst he swam. While he was speaking I observed the maid more closely: fair was she as a flower,—on her cheek was the delicate flush of the wild rose, her hair like spun sunshine drifted in the Wind's breath, and laughing lights and sweet shadows played ever in her wondrous eyes. Oh-ho, my brothers, not long had the Hero to plead with me to carry *her* across the flood!

Then he assisted her to mount, and I descended into the waters with my lovely burden.

Strong was the force of the current, and the hissing waves caused my pretty passenger to cling desperately to my shoulders. The very thought of this winsome creature whose life was in my hands, strengthened me and made swift our passage. I was mourning over the rapidity with which my pleasant duty was drawing to its close, when the idea dawned within me of not terminating this ride at the shore but continuing it over hill and dale—in a word to kidnap the sweet lady of great Hercules. As suddenly as this scheme presented itself, so was I firmly determined to follow it out; for thereby would I not only gain the beautiful girl but great fame also would be mine for having successfully crossed the son of Olympian Zeus.

Therefore, instead of pausing by the river bank that my fair rider might dismount, with wildly beating heart I made off as fast as I could. The lady cried out with terror to her lord, who was still battling with the rushing waters, and beat me frantically with her little hands.

Faster I raced,—and faster, when from far behind there sounded a humming as of a swarm of giant honey-bees,—and I felt a fast-driven arrow pierce my flank!

The Poisoned Arrows! I had forgotten to count on them, all having been blotted from my mind save the lovely girl's image and my desire to possess her!

At length I sank pain-racked in a pool of my poisoned life-blood. Yet in the turning convulsion that passed over me even in my agonies of dying I hearkened to a whispered word of Nemesis. Tearing from me my poisonous blood-stained cloak, (which would bring death at once to him who donned it) I gave it to the girl with dissembled repentance, saying that it was a gift to her, and that as

soon as her loved one's ardor waned (as soon I presumed it should) he had but to don it and his old love for her would re-awaken.

Then I fell back and seemed sinking sinking—the world faded and slid from me—and I found myself amongst you here!

GORDON HATFIELD, '15.

A TRAGEDY

THE time is 7:45 Monday morning, the place Shaw High School, room 26, the room, inwardly with fear and trembling, but outwardly brave as a lion. (Never let a teacher think you fear the consequences of not having prepared a lesson). I smile graciously and receive a friendly "Good morning" from my English teacher.

"Miss Swain," I begin, fingering my belt pin, "I have not written my theme."

Miss Swain looks up from a pile of papers, and after surveying me with a slight smile, for a brief second, asks quietly, "Why not?"

"I-er, well, you see, I have been very busy. My mother went to Florida Wednesday." It was not as easy as I had thought it would be. Miss Swain has very penetrating eyes. I begin to see the results of going coasting Friday night.

"But surely you have had plenty of time since Wednesday to write a theme."

Miss Swain looks down at her papers, and makes a mark on one as if indicating that the interview is at an end. This will never do. I must be gentle but firm, very firm.

I make another brief attempt. "Yes, Miss Swain," I remark sadly, wishing I did not have so many hands. "But you see, Sunday I was ill." This was not strictly true, although I had fallen off the bob Friday night. My knee was still sore, and who can write subtle themes with a sore knee and a stiff neck?

Miss Swain again looks up and tapping on the desk for a moment with her pencil, inquires, "What about Friday and Saturday?"

"Well, Miss Swain, one reason why I didn't write it was because I couldn't think of anything to write." I confess lamely, attacking a beautiful unbroken fingernail. "You see, you told us to model it after the third chapter of 'Silas Marner' where Dunstan and Godfrey are quarreling, and to take it from life, so I tried to describe the conversation between my sister and myself after she borrowed my skates and left them on the suburban car; or the misunderstanding that ensued between father and me some years ago, when I put his little poker chip in the slot machine at the drug store. But somehow those didn't seem quite suitable. They weren't esthetic enough."

I pause, hoping the beautiful new word will have some effect, but it doesn't.

Miss Swain reaches for her pad, and makes a neat little memorandum upon it.

"I am sorry, Louise, but I think you could have found time to write your theme if you had tried. Moreover your reasons are not plausible enough to allow me to give you more time on it. This will show on your average, I am afraid."

I hastily leave the room, assailed by the horrible suspicion that Miss Swain disapproves of me.

LOUISE BROOKS, '13.

A CHARACTER SKETCH

MY friend's name is George. I would gladly tell you his last name too, but I do not know it. Nevertheless "George" is sufficient, for if you should speak of George in Clifton Park or any place in Lakewood, everyone would know whom you meant. He is a man of most uncertain age; his weather-beaten face might belong to a man of seventy, while his body is as strong and agile as any young man's. His place of abode is well known as "George's Shack." It is located on Rocky River and also looks out over Lake Erie. George is joint owner and sailor of that famous yacht "The Hay Seed," the stern view of which is well known to most of his competitors on the day of the races. In his younger days he had once held the skating championship of Ohio. He had also plunged into "Football," the traces of which may be seen in his crooked nose. He makes himself very popular in the summer with his sailing yacht. He may be seen on a fair day out sailing with half a dozen girls at a time. He is always rewarded with cake, fudge, and other things which he otherwise does not get, for he does all his own cooking. His face is not unfamiliar at the "Elysium," where he exercises his skating talents when the lake is unfrozen. He is a friend to everyone, but he is the best friend to the group of boys that come in from skating on the lake, and warm their feet on his stove. They all sit around and talk. Later, he'll shake up the fire and fill his pipe, and when all is quiet, he'll begin: "Back in '68, when I was helmsman of the 'Nancy Brig'—" After these visits the boys are invariably late for dinner at home.

HERMAN V. BOLEY, '14.

THE DREAM HOUSE

IT was early morning in the country. The sun was shining brightly on the myriad drops of dew, that twinkled on the apple trees like tiny diamonds. Beside the sandy road stood a somber little brown house. A few straggly hollyhocks struggled up and peeped through the broken window, nodding to each other. All was silent save for the occasional twitter of a bird or the scratching of a twig against the fence. The little house looked lonely standing there in the bright sunshine with all its emptiness brought into view. It had a dreamy look, reminding one of some very old man whose friends had all forsaken him in the ebb of life and who sat dreaming, with his head in his hands, of the days when everything was merry and happy. A few shingles tilted tipsily over the edge of the porch roof, as though trying to make its forlornness comical. The silver web of a spider, hung between the posts of the porch, caught the glint of the sun and shone like spun silk. A startled lark rose from its bed in the feathery grass and soared to the sky, singing with all its heart. The day wore on, the sun rose higher in the heavens, and the little house still stood in all its loneliness.

The sun went down behind the hills and the moon came up, lighting silver glory the lonesome house.

A lone dog trotted down the road, stopped and sniffed inquisitively at the little house, then turned disdainfully and went his way, leaving it to dream of the happy voices that once sounded through its now silent walls.

HELEN SALZMAN, '16.

A CHRISTMAS POINT OF VIEW

CHRISTMAS not only means an increase of business to me, but always brings me several new customers, and gives me an opportunity to see all types of people. I keep a little butcher shop down town, and always have the best meat, lard, and poultry that I can obtain. The customers that I like best are the men. It is true, they come rarely, but they always seem to know just what they want, and they seldom "kick" about prices. Then there are the bustling housewives, who do not know what they want, who push in the sirloin (stakes) steaks to see how firm they are, look around the wall for the oyster license, and demand that all the fat and bone be removed from the meat before it is weighed. Such a woman, when she buys a turkey for Christmas dinner, will tell you how many she will have at the feast, and expect you to tell what size of bird she wants. Sometimes this is hard to do, for one does not know whether there are dyspeptics or vegetarians in the family, or whether there are several sturdy little boys and a poorly-fed nunister. The most exasperating type, however, is the woman who comes in with a newspaper clipping showing how to give a Christmas dinner for five on two dollars. Judging from the prices shown on the clipping, it must have been written before the days of trusts. She is sure that the prices I charge are a robbery, and that she will be in the poor-house if the prices keep going up. I always feel sorry for the poor woman with her head covered with a shawl, who comes in with very little money, and wants to know if she could possibly buy a real small chicken with it. One can readily read this woman's mind. She is not getting the chicken for herself, but for the benefit of her little children, to whom it would really be a treat. You may be sure that this kind of woman will always get a chicken from me, no matter how little she has, in these happy Christmas holidays.

ELLERY GILKEY, '14.

AN ACT OF GENEROSITY

I WAS going to the final football game of the season. On the way to the field I met a little fellow who was evidently very excited, and was coming along with a radiant face that his papa had given him the money to see the game.

He was brimming over with talk of the coming game. Near the entrance of the field he spied a little girl whom he evidently liked and with whom he stopped to talk. I did not wait for him.

The game was well started when I heard my small friend's voice back of the grandstand. I went around to see what was the matter. To my surprise a policeman had him by the scruff of the neck, questioning him as to why he had come to the game without his father's money, and that he wanted to see the game.

"Why, John," I said, "you told me that your father had given you money."

"W—well," he answered, "that little girl I stopped to talk to outside there was just coming to the game and she gave me the money to see the game, so I gave her mine."

The policeman decided to let him stay inside.

THEODORE STREET, '16

ASCALAPHUS

DOWN here in Hades we get so lonesome. Everything is dark and gloomy, so that we long for news from the upper world. No wonder, then, that when Proserpina, bright and fresh as the morn, came plunging down with Pluto, I was interested, for she was from home. Pluto would not let any spirit converse with her, so I sat behind some big rocks, and watched her.

We cannot tell day from night here, so I do not know when it was that I saw Proserpina eating the seeds. I was sitting on a stone when she came by, not noticing me, and when almost opposite me she stopped, and one by one, ate six pomegranate seeds. I thought nothing of it at the time.

After a few hours, there was a commotion, and all the spirits whispered that someone was coming down into this foul, black land of darkness. It was Ceres, coming after her daughter Proserpina. Jupiter had said that Proserpina could go back to the upper world if she had not eaten anything in Hades. She was about to go when Pluto, sorry to lose his queen, called the spirits together to see if any had seen her eat.

I am not a very good spirit, or else I would have gone to the Elysian Fields, and so, when Pluto said in his low, gruff voice, "Have any of you seen the queen partake of food?" before I could think I had said "Yes." Then I realized what I had done and tried to get out of it, but Pluto kept at me until finally I told him all about how I had seen her from behind the rock.

Proserpina was condemned to stay six months each year in Pluto's realm, and now I have the liberty to talk with her, and go about with her all I please, for Pluto, after my telling him, rewarded me thus. She says that I did the right thing to tell the truth, and I have a very pleasant time with her, for she tells me all about the upper world, and how everything progresses; but still I wish that I had not told Pluto, for she hates to stay in Hades.

RALPH ROBERTS, '15.

A SERMON AND A BABY

WHAT a dear baby," was my first thought as I glanced over the congregation one Sunday morning, and my eyes rested on a little two-year-old girl. She had light hair, bobbed, and a clark pink bow, perched on one side of the saucily poised head. She looked like a big doll in her snowy dress and tiny black shoes. She was standing on the seat, calmly looking around at the many strange faces, while her mother's arm kept her from falling or walking off into space.

Church had already started and she soon became restless. I could not help being amused, when in response to a vigorous motion of the pastor, she also waved her little chubby arms, and started to talk back. Again when she waved enthusiastically to a grim lady, who had thoughtlessly let her eyes wander around the room, I found myself grinning broadly. Doubtless she had never been in church before, and wondered what the tall man way up front there was doing, talking so excitedly, and making such absurd motions.

I had now just about given up listening to the sermon, for one can hear an ordinary sermon any day, but who often gets the chance to watch an attractive baby, receiving its first impression of church?

Possibly my view was not the right one, for after watching her for a time I returned at last to the broken thread of the sermon. I was just beginning to see the connection, when a loud stamping caused me to turn my head in the direction of the baby. When I had last looked at her, she had settled into her mother's lap, but later on attempting to rise she had noticed the noise her shoes made against the polished, cushionless seat.

Now she was jumping up and down, her cheeks flushed, hair bobbing and eyes sparkling mischievously, at the noise she was making. Her mother, tall, pretty, young and inexperienced, strove to quiet her. But she was not to be quieted at once, but finally tired from the exertion, she stopped and looked inquiringly around at the people, just as the sermon was ended.

DOROTHY MEANS, '14.

WATER LILIES

LONG, long ago, when the Greeks and Romans believed in many gods, and mystic signs and wonders, there lived a beautiful maiden. This maiden was a Vestal Virgin and her name was Altheria. She was fair as a lily; her cheeks had just the faint tint of a peach blossom; her hair glistened in the sunlight like gold, and her eyes were of that blue that one so often sees where the sun sparkles on the water where it is deepest. She was known to be as good and as pure as she was beautiful, yet she was accused of something so dreadful that her life was to pay the penalty. People in those days were just as ready to believe ill of people as they are now.

One of her duties in the temple of Vesta was to help care for the sacred fire, and never to let it burn out; and she was accused of letting the fire burn out. Altheria was innocent, but could not prove it. She told her accusers that after she was dead, they would be convinced of her innocence. So she was burned alive down on the bank of the Tiber, near a swamp, so dark and dank that one could imagine it to be an entrance into Pluto's realm.

Nothing happened for a long time and Altheria was forgotten; but after months the river overflowed its banks and filled the swamp. Soon people noticed that small green leaves were floating on the water. They kept getting larger and larger, and one day a few green buds appeared, and slowly began to open.

A few mornings later the pond seemed transformed as if by a miracle. It was a glory of beautiful white blossoms with golden centers; some were faintly tinged with pink. No one had ever seen a flower like this before. Because of its resemblance to their common field lily, the Romans called it the "Water Lily."

Thus Altheria's innocence was proved, "because," they said, "surely only a pure and innocent person could be the originator of such a beautiful flower." And in this way were formed the beautiful lilies which are to be found on the bosom of many an inland lake, in the hot, sultry month of August.

HELEN HILLS, '15.

THE LONE FISHERMAN

FAR out at sea the moon was rising. The great white disk shed a quiet light over the whole bay and the little island that stood off to the left. While I stood watching the moon as it lifted up out of the sea, I became aware of a moving object. Suddenly a figure appeared, silhouetted against the great circular background. It was a lone man in a little dory, pulling at right angles to the golden moon-path, straight for the little island. Clear and black the little bobbing figure showed against the rising orb. On the island a twinkling light showed from a white cottage. A great grove of pines closed up about the cabin, leaving only one side open to the view. The deep shadows from the great, towering trees offered a striking contrast to the white side of the cottage, flooded as it was with the full radiance of the moon. And through this pleasant scene ran the murmur of the ripples, as they splashed upon the shore. My eyes reverted to the belated fisherman; he was gone from the light, but off to the side I could still dimly discern the little black spot, bobbing along.

WALTER MILLIS, JR., '16.

DOWN THE GRAND CANYON

THE line of burros, brown, tan, and white, with their shaggy heads drooping listlessly, came ambling up to the gate of the El Tovar to receive their daily burdens for the trip down the Grand Canyon. Men and women flocked eagerly out of the hotel to get first choice, though the poor animals all looked sufficiently subdued by their daily routine, to prevent anyone from being run away with. When nearly all were seated in their saddles, two English women about fifty years of age, came rushing from the door, one fussing about her habit, which did look rather the worse for wear, and the other trying to fasten the huge sonbrero to her scanty amount of hair. At sight of them the guide in front of me said, "We'll never get them down alive." It looked as if this might be the truth, for both were terrified even by their meek mounts. At last, however, we were off.

It was a crisp, cool morning, more indicative of April than May. The dense purplish mist had not lifted yet from the great rock-filled chasm, except near the top where jagged points of rock were showing, deep red and grayish tan.

We began the descent into the unknown, the massive cliffs towering above the path, and then in places dropping straight downward for hundreds of feet. Each one was resolving to be brave and not to show his fear, and all were glad that the heavy pounding of their hearts could not be heard by their neighbors; that is, all but the English women. At the first turn where the narrow trail could be seen far ahead, winding its way in and out, seemingly very dangerous from the distance, they emitted terrified shrieks and attempted to dismount. For five minutes there was an angry discussion, during which, speaking loudly and with a broad accent, they expressed their opinion of a country which advertised such a death-hole as one of its natural beauties. Finally, in desperation, the guides escorted them back over the short distance already traversed.

Meanwhile I turned to look at my fellow companions. First, rode the little

lady in gray who was making her third trip down the canyon, then two little girls impatient at the delay; a jolly big man with twinkling eyes and a hearty laugh, who nearly hid his little burro from view; and so on down the line. My eyes turned from them to the great panorama before me, with its miles upon miles of various colored rock, dropping sheer in some places, sloping gradually in others, parts covered with shrubs, other parts bare and forbidding, but every bit of it fascinating, alluring. Somewhere down at the bottom, in its narrow bed, the Colorado was rushing in torrents, and from its opposite bank the mountains of rock again were rising, seeming to stretch on and on, forever.

MARGARET KING, '13.

WAITING FOR THE TRAIN

A MAN was calling in a loud voice through his megaphone the names of the cities through which the next train was bound. People all over the great corridor arose and streamed to the gate, to take their various trains. But their seats were soon filled by others, who came in and settled down to read their cheap magazines, until they heard their call. Some had smart new suit cases and moved about eagerly, happy in the realization of a long-hoped-for journey. Others, with their much-tagged, shabby bags, telling of many trips over seas, sat down and read their papers unconcernedly.

There was a young man standing near the train exit, watching all the people who passed out from the incoming trains. He was of foreign blood, but dressed in American fashion. Altho' his clothes were inexpensive, they were clean and neat. His thin, eager face showed that he was alert in mind and spirit. He was evidently waiting for someone, and we found ourselves hoping that he might not be disappointed.

The nervous and fussy women crowded about the ticket office to ask foolish questions, fearing that their tickets might be printed wrong; or they exasperated the policemen with their constant inquiries concerning trains which were to leave in an hour or so. Some with their heavy luggage would not put it down, or would not let their eyes stray from it. A little boy's idea of passing the time pleasantly was eating, and he begged his mother to buy him some more bananas. But she, evidently an up-to-date mamma, assured him that he had had more than enough already. In one of the corners there was a German emigrant party with their dull faces. Their children, half asleep, were lying about almost anywhere. All their baggage seemed to consist of huge bundles of bedding.

Suddenly it was evident that the young foreigner, standing at the train exit had found the friend he was looking for. A beautiful young Italian girl, with her dark hair and dark eyes, dressed in a green skirt, was coming towards him. Their radiant faces were pleasant to see. Probably she will not miss the sunny shores of Italy, for it was evident that her heart was here in this New World, with him. The megaphone boomed out again, and a new stream of people started out for their trains.

STANLEY YOUNG, '13.

DOWNTOWN AT CHRISTMAS-TIME

IN the car, I looked at my fellow passengers. They all looked the typical, belated Christmas shoppers. A little girl opposite kept inquiring of her mother whether she was sure Santa had received her letter. Reassured by her mother, she leaned back in the seat, with such a happy, contented sigh that the other passengers smiled. A worried looking woman in front of me was jotting things down in a little note-book, then figuring, and I knew she was revising her Christmas list. It was an ideal winter day, cold, with crisp snow under foot, and the people on the streets hurried to keep warm. On the corners were the customary kettles and the merry tinkle, tinkle of bells was heard constantly while big red-faced Santa Clauses in red garments and flimsy white beards called in hoarse voices the name of the charity for which the chimney of money was intended. A poor little girl passed one, and made a wide detour, casting frightened glances at the "Children's Saint." When he reached out a big arm and shook hands with her, she was terribly frightened and escaped as quickly as possible.

The shop windows were gaily decorated and the very air breathed Christmas. Inside the stores wealthy women, seated before counters laden with jewelry, laces or ribbons, selected their late Christmas gifts. Before another counter one would see a thinly clad woman standing before a coat that would make baby happy, or watching with wistful eyes a wonderful toy that would put Charlie in paradise. Impatient saleswomen would ask her if she was waited on. The woman fingering her worn, thin purse, would silently shake her head and walk away. Many amusing scenes were enacted before the Santa. One skeptical child cried out in delight, "I can see his cuffs, I can see his cuffs. There ain't any Santa Claus," thereby making his younger sister cry with vexation. In the hosiery department a little girl was evidently selecting her mother's present. "I want," she announced in a high childish voice, "a pair of silk stockings, size four and one-half, not over two dollars, because that's all I have with me," she finished with dignity. The bystanders could not restrain their smiles and later I saw her again and she was asking her father plaintively why stockings weren't the same size as shoes.

Thus it was. Friends parting called "Merry Christmas," and the package-laden crowd still surged up the avenue. The lights of the shops and the car-tire signs twinkled merrily and as I rode homeward I thought of all I had seen and heard that day.

MILDRED GILL, '15.

WHAT HAPPENED IN THE WOODEN HORSE

WHAT, Telemachus, my son, are you not yet tired of hearing my tale of woe? Well, then I will tell you of that ever memorable night, when I, with Menelaus, Ajax, and the other brave leaders, spent half of a night in a close-sitting wooden horse. We surely among all the Greeks were against us, and might have done better to please them. A few days before, clear-eyed Athene, goddess of wisdom, had given an idea to one of the brave leaders. This was that we should build a huge, wooden horse, which would stand very high on its legs, so that the top, where a sort of door was to be, could be reached only by a ladder. Then, with the help of all-seeing Zeus, a huge wooden horse was quickly improvised. Telemachus, my son, you can imagine that a thing so quickly made would not be very comfortable inside.

When this was completed, the horse was moved in front of the gates of Troy at an hour when all the inhabitants within the gates were at their evening meal. About twenty of us crept into the huge edifice while the remaining army sailed in boats around the first bend in the sea, the bend hiding them from view. Although this horse was very large, it was not near roomy enough for fifty stalwart men in full armour. So we stood there, crowded together, with no air save what came through a little loop-hole at the top, and with our muscles tense, for fear if we moved, we would be detected. We offered up prayers to Zeus and other gods, and tried to give courage to one another. Those standing against the sides of the horse had a harder time of it, as the rough wood bruised and scratched them. We stood thus, I don't know how long,—stood in almost total darkness, with but the occasional glimmer of some one's armour as the only light, and we could feel the breath of one another on our cheeks, so close were we together. Suddenly we heard great shouts, but could not make out what any one was saying. Then we felt ourselves pushed or rather dragged somewhere. We clutched each other frantically but dared not make a move or sound lest we be detected. Then the pushing stopped, but the shooting still kept on. Now was our time—we must be within the gates, we thought; so with a bound we all climbed out of that stifling air and went against the enemy. But not we fifty men alone—no; the ships that were around the bend now emerged, and the men on them joined us. We then without difficulty became victors of the day.

Oh, Telemachus, my son, my tale is about finished, so let us send up an offering to almighty Zeus, who brought me through all my hardships and adventures safely home again to you, Telemachus, and my faithful wife Penelope."

SYLVIA SPIRA, '16.

A STRANGE DREAM

Last night I had a strange dream,
And one I shall not soon forget;
However odd it may be,
'Twas one that caused me to fret.

I was down at the football field,
On the north side bleachers, you know,
To see if the Shaw team could win
From a strange and mysterious foe.

When the teams came out on the field,
I could scarcely believe it was so,
But the captain of this strange team
Was our old friend Cicero.

And Shakespeare was playing half-back,
And Chaucer a half-back, too.
'Twas the queerest team I ever saw;
Their colors were black and blue.

The game was almost over,
Our own men had the ball,
And the score was nothing to nothing
When the opponents began to fall.

The quarter-back shouted the signals;
It was a buck through Milton, poor boy.
'Twas Brutus who took his place,
But not with a heart of joy.

Next was a buck through tackle,
Where Julius Caesar played.
That was the last of Julius,
But the game was not delayed.

The others now had the ball,
And their whole team was filled with fear,
For all were afraid to carry it,
But it finally fell to Shakespeare.

But when our strong line hit him,
And the rest of our team too,
I wish you'd seen Bill Shakespeare
In his colors, black and blue.

Soon the game was ended,
Their men were all laid out;
That Shaw had won a victory
Was true beyond a doubt.

I awoke and fell to thinking
How much better school would seem
If we all would conquer Milton,
And the rest of this strange team.

JOSEPH L. COOLIDGE, '14.

THAT'S A FRESHIE

If you see a little child
Looking 'round with glances wild,
Like a frightened deer he looks,
In his arms a load of books—
That's a Freshie

If you see that awful plight,
Someone trying to recite,
Stutters, stammers, blushes so,
For that effort gets—"you know,"
That's a Freshie.

But, dear Freshies, don't you sigh,
Wait until a year goes by—
Just work hard and plug away,
Then no more to you they'll say,
"That's a Freshie."

MOURTON D. CASE, '13.

I've gone to school for years and years,
But this is all I know.
I envy those who went to school
In times of long ago.

They surely knew the joy of life,
When history dates were few;
And Milton's problems did not try
To twist their brains askew.

No one could "flunk" in Greek or French
In happy B. C. one;
And I would not be writing this,
For poetry there was none.

But what's the use of fretting now?
I've over four years more;
I should be glad I will not live
In the year three-thousand-four.

RUTH PHILLIPS, '13.

THE FAITHFUL FEW

When school is called to order
And you look about the room,
You're sure to see some faces
That from the shadows loom,
That are always in the school-room
And stay till it is through;
The ones that I would mention
Are the ever faithful few.

They fill every vacant office,
For they're always on the spot
No matter what the weather:
It may be scorching hot,
It may be damp and rainy,
But they are tried and true—
The ones that you rely on,
Are the every faithful few.

There are lots of worthy students
Who will come when in the mood—
When everything's convenient,
And things are running smooth;
They're a factor in the school,
And are necessary too;
But the ones that never fail us
Are the every faithful few.

OSBORNE GOLDRICK, '13

MONDAY

There is a day in every week
That I do so abhor,
Because I have to get to work
And work for four days more.
Through all my lessons I must bluff,
And every bluff is wrong.
It seems I always am called on
When Monday comes along
There is a day in every week
That is a joy to me,
For I now know my work is o'er,
I have two whole days free.
Then early in the afternoon
The football field we throng;
We yell and shout for dear old Shaw
When Friday comes along.

HAZEL TRETER, '13.

AN EDUCATION

Of all the many things on hand,
My brain consuming all that's due,
With English, hygiene, German too,
Now what with all am I to do?

Besides those studies, there are more:
The rule of plants and how they grow,
The dates of wars, Math. high and low,
And all about the poets, you know.

I wonder what I'll truly know!
An "Education" is, we're taught,
What we into our heads have caught,
When having all things else forgot.

So mixed and muddled I'll become
Think I that Milton, staunch old Jew,
Was writing prose in ninety-two,
When o'er the sea Columbus flew.

Plus this is more, I will have learned:
The quaint oesophagus is grown
Beneath the ground, a kind of cone,
While all its leaves are ivory bone.

EMILIE TENER, '13.

THE BALL

Now nature dons her charming gown
With flowers embroidered 'round,
And all the earth seems full of joy,
The air is glad with sound.

The fairies creep from out the trees,
They're bidden to a ball;
For invitations Mab has sent
To driads one and all.

They hasten down into the dell
And find the brownies there,
With elfish Puck right in their midst
Upon his mushroom-chair.

The crickets tune their instruments,
The birds begin to sing,
And with this burst of music sweet,
The fairies form a ring.

"They trip the light fantastic toe"
Upon the dewy green,
While all the flowers stand around
And watch the pretty scene.

But suddenly a storm comes up,
The rain begins to fall.
The fairies fear to spoil their gowns,
And so break up the ball.

E. RACHEL FARRAND, '13.

HOW I WROTE MY POEM.

At first I hunted all around
'Till I a piece of paper found;
'Twas any shape or any size
On which at first I cast my eyes.

And then a pencil I looked for,
Upon my bed and on the floor;
And then it must be sharpened right,
So to indite this poem bright.

And next a place to write my verse,
A place where none could hear me curse
And where no one would me disturb,
Nor yet my genius try to curb.

And then I chewed my pencil, while
I tried to find an original style.
And through my hair I ran my hand;
I plowed it like the furrowed land.

I wrote some words, and scratched them out,
I wrinkled my brow, my lips did pout,
I opened the window to get some air,
Then out upon the street did stare.

I saw some people passing by,
They called to me and started to cry
"Oh, come on out, and have some fun."
Said I, "Not till my work is done."

I came back slowly to my work
Resolved that naught should make me shirk;
But thought and thought and thought in vain,
And then I thought I'd sign my name.

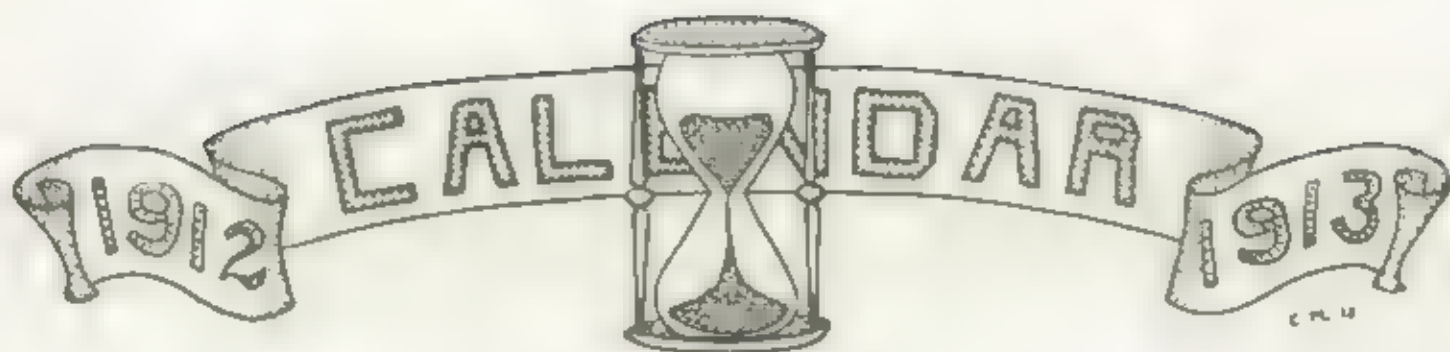
KATHERINE KEELER, '13

INSPIRATION

I've been thinking seems for hours,
Waiting for an inspiration;
Shall I write of bird or flowers
Or problems of the nation?

Poetry isn't my strong point,
That I clearly see.
When this masterpiece I finish
Then 'tis always prose for me.

RUTH DUFFIE, '13



SEPTEMBER

- 9—School opens. Miss Tanner assigns lessons for the tenth
- 11—Hostilities begin. Football candidates meet Coach Canfield

- 11—Junior elections
- 13—Rally sixth period. Tech 11, Shaw 0
- 20—Three Senior boys bring excuses for the day before
- 22—No rally. Shaw 22, Central 14
Moral—Don't have rallies
- 24—Thanksgiving rhetorical
Football dance
- 28—Now for four whole days

OCTOBER

- 18—Juniors and Seniors try out for Dramatic Club
- 21—Senior elections
There was no school at Shaw today so we all went to the Hip
- 26—Massillon 7, Shaw 0
- 28—Vaudeville committees get to work
- 30—Literary Club elections
- 30—Dramatic Club elections

DECEMBER

- Jingle girls rehearse with football boys
- 5—Katharine Tener is "not prepared" in Virgil. First time in four years
- 6—Vaudeville entertainment
"O, Shaw team would not be gathered"
- 17—Lat. Club spread in the gym
- 20—Christmas rhetorical. All the "grads" visit us
- 21—Senior dance

NOVEMBER

- 1—Annual Board elections
First rally. Our old friends George Talkes and Harold Neale make some fine speeches
- 2—U. S. 12, Shaw 9. Junior girls appear in face veils
- 5—Lat. Club tea
- 8—No rally. Shaw 13, Tech 0



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CALENDAR—Continued



MID-YEAR EXAMS.

JANUARY

6—Happy New Year, everybody
Harry Farrand sports his Christmas present. They look fine, Harry

8—Senior pins at last arrive

10—Alumini 14, Shaw 12
Where did our dance after the game
... ..

Mid-year play cast posted

18—Shaw 14, Oberlin 2
ictures taken at Newman's—"Quiet please, now quiet, q u-i-e-t."

19—Girls' Glee Club's initial appearance in
in afternoon concert

21—Now for the mid-years

24—Shaw 28, Central 10

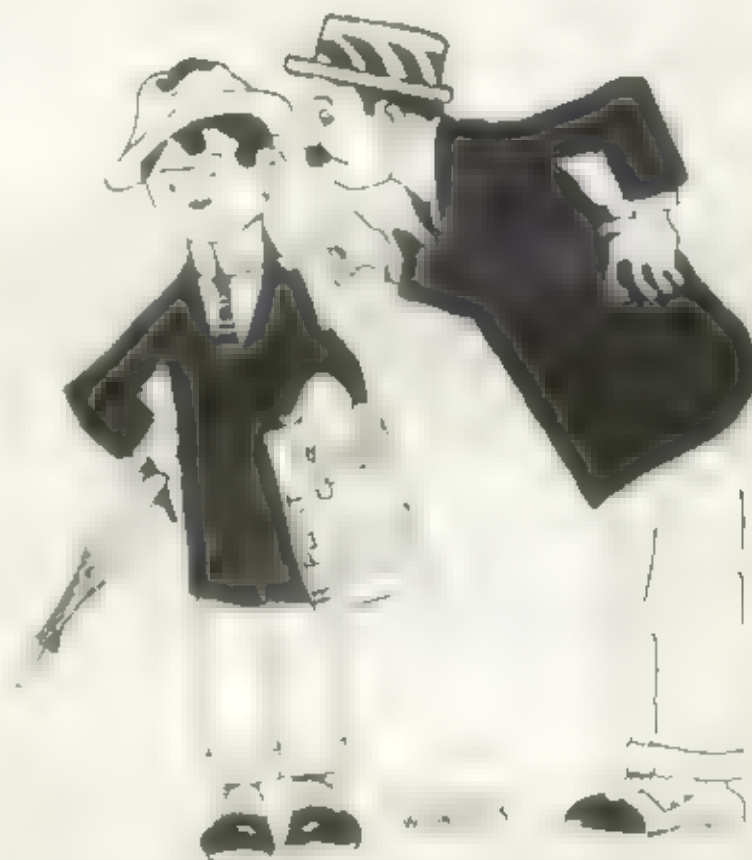
22—A sigh of relief—they're over

28—Lucy Wensley takes charge of the study room 5th period

George Kaulf comes into 1st study period for the first time, and takes a seat in the back part of the room near Roy Locke

Miss Comstock—"George, that seat taken

George—"You bet your life it is



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CALENDAR—Continued



- 1—Shaw 18, Geneva 17
- 1—Installation of S. H. S. barber shop in Room 8.
- Shaw 14, Oberlin 24.
- 2—Lincoln rhetorical.
- 14—Ridge Henn gives Dorothy Whitelaw a play rehearsal.
- Shaw 25, U. S. 17.
- 7-18-19—Mandolin Club plays at the "Mon-
- 9—Shaw High ice men make their debut.
- Senior Pictorial day.
- Geneva 25, Shaw 1.
- 14—The Mid-year Play cast had a scene in Room 8. Miss Burnaby was in honor. What became of her?
- 28—Fast 21, Shaw 19. Worst luck!
- Clarence Runner takes a short

- 9—Alice Schater goes to East Liverpool
- 10—Overheard in the hall

Roy L.—"Say, Chuck, have you read 'Freckles'?"

Sale of seats for the mid-year

Mr. Brown, buying tickets asked for the coldest seats in the house

Mr. King gave him a couple in

- 14-15—Mid-year play "The Cabinet Minister" scores the success of the season

- 25—This ——— thing goes to print—Thank Heaven!

Musical Club's perform in Parma. "We wish to thank you in behalf of the cemetery"

- 28—Vacation begins a day earlier on a



- Juniors 20, Seniors
- 7 Junior da
- Prof. Murray of
- we unfortunate!



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CALENDAR—Continued



Musical Clubs Concert

PROGRAM

PART I

1. Conrades-in-Arms, . . . Glee Club
2. Westward Ho, . . . Mandolin Club
3. Everybody Twostep, . . . Banjo Club
4. Encouragement Waltzes, Orchestra
5. Old Mother Goose, . . . Glee Club
6. Banjo Selections, Norman Book
and I. G. Laddcoat
7. (a) After Vespers,
(b) Solone, . . . Mandolin Club
8. Dixie Rube, . . . Banjo Club
9. But They Didn't

PART II

THE MUSIC HATER

1 Force in two scenes, by Redge Henn

Characters

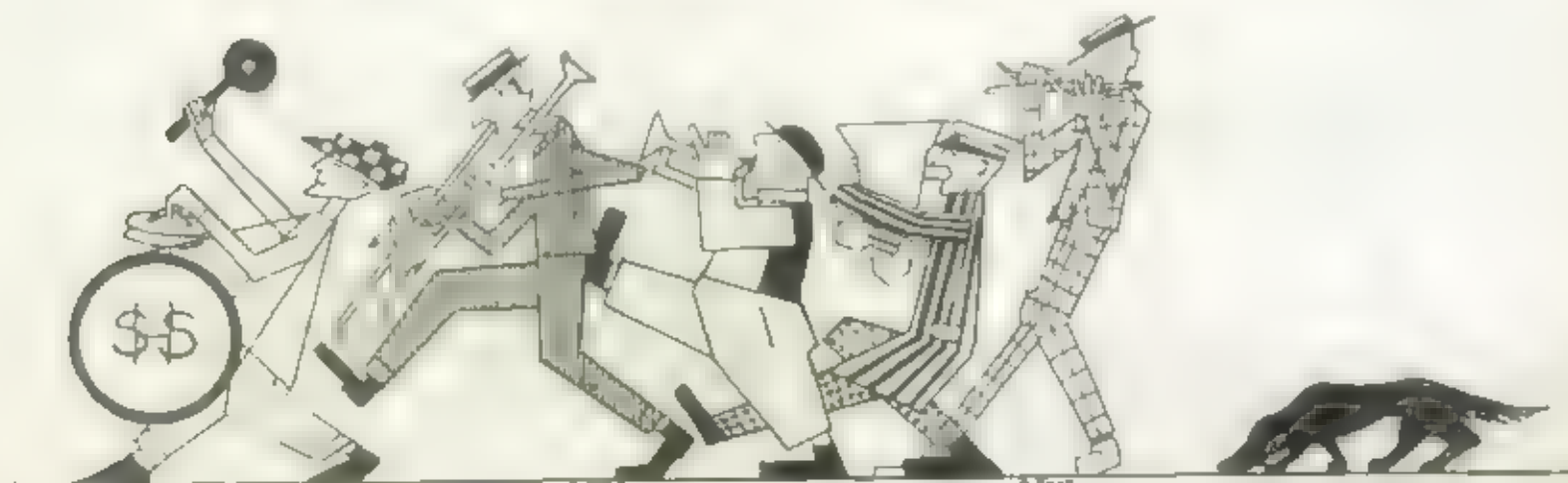
- Mr. Rulethe Roost (a natural
music-hater) . . . Harold Annernia
Mrs. Rulethe Roost (who is very
fond of music) . . . Redge Henn
Miss Aldardla Hatem (an old-
maid aunt) . . . Henry Young
Sons of Mr. Roost
Henry (a Shaw Senior)
Lester Avery
Chuck (a Shaw Junior)
Atlee Schafer
Bob (a Sophomore at Shaw)
Clemente Carrell
Dick (a Shaw Freshman)
Norman Book
(their loving little sister)
Harry Farrand

- Eleanor (their cousin)
Irving Danforth
Professor Blitzen (a music-teacher)
Carl Henn
Hilda (a Swedish maid)
Charles Arthur

- Friends of the Roosts
Miss Ruby Lipps Ralph Waycott
Miss May Flower, Charles Snow
Quartet
Burt Skeel Eugene Rineau
Kenneth King Lester Avery

*Scene—At the home of Mr. Rulethe
Roost*

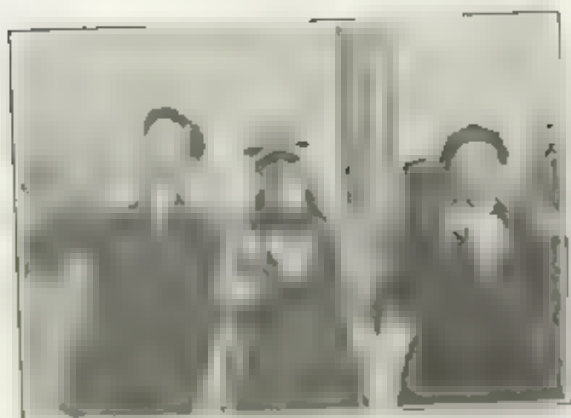
*Scene—At the home of Mr. Rulethe
Roost*



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BRAKE BEAM
COMPANY

CALENDAR—Continued



APRIL

- Home run first inning
- Epidemic of Spring-fever.
- 17 Come across, teachers! Tell us who

MAY

- 1 Promises from printer for Annual
- 2—Interclass track meet
- 10—More promises
- 15—At last it's out
- 17—Quadrangular track meet
- 26—Exams
- 29—Class Day

JUNE

Commencement



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CALENDAR—Continued

The class of 1913 has six charter members. Six students have spent their twelve school years in East Cleveland. Lucy Wensley and Della Foote went to Superior School while Anne Parks, Doris Doan, and Harold Clum entered Prospect in the first grade together. Irving Danforth spent seven years in Prospect and one in Superior before coming to Shaw.



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Prin. 1100-R
Prin. 1149-L
Cent. 1004
Cent. 3610-R
Cent. 5519-L
Prin. 2460-K
Prin. 2884-W

THE LAST GAME.

How glorious was that Central game,
The air was clear and bright,
But all our men were stiff or lame
And Gordon's face a sight.

The score 'tween halves looked pretty bad,
'Twas fourteen for the "Blues."
And when our boys felt tired and sad
'Twas "time out," "wait, my shoes."

But when they'd had a little rest
And confidential talk,
The whole school Ernest Randall blessed
When past the goal he walked.

The score was now a nine for Shaw,
And then fifteen, they say.
We yelled till all our throats were raw
For "we" had won the day.

ALICE ROBERTS, '13.

Oh, what's the use, I'd like to know
Of learning all this stuff?
This Virgil, German, French and Greek
When English is enough.

It's English where my troubles are,
We have to write a rhyme.
Now that, of course, would be all right
If I had brains and time.

I go to bed but not to sleep,
I have no peace of mind.
"In solemn vision and clear dream"
I try one verse to find.

I think about the stanza forms
And all the rules for rhyme,
And then about the kinds of feet
Which never will keep time.

'Tis said that poets must be born
And never can be made.
I hope Miss Swain will think of that
When she puts down my grade.

E. RACHEL FARRAND, '13.

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At least an hour or two.
"Oh, get this lesson in your head
Whatever else you do."
"In English IV read Lycidas
And concentrate your mind,
For pity's sake don't absent be,
'Twill put you much behind."
"Your French lesson? Not very long.
Ten pages printed small;
Then learn five verbs, and all their parts
Two hours' work, that's all."
"In German, to speak fluently,
Peruse your lesson much;
You cannot gain more benefit
From anything, than Dutch."
"By all means, learn your Botany."
"Your history readings due?"
And still you wonder—when at night
You feel a trifle blue.

DORIS WHITSLAR, '13.

Oh, come, thou muse of sport, and hear
Of a wondrous football game;
How heroes who were nearly beat
Came back and won them fame.
The two elevens who engaged
Were Shaw and Central school,
And each team played their level best.
Their spirit did not cool.
At first Shaw High was not awake,
They could not hold the line;
And Central meanwhile got fourteen,
Which they considered fine.
But after that the red and black
Did show that they could play,
They swept poor Central off their feet
In just the usual way.
And when at last the whistle blew,
The score board then was seen
To say Shaw High School twenty-two,
And Central but fourteen.

KURT SEELBACH, '13.

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INSPIRATION

Miss Swain said to our English class,
"For Monday, write a verse.
It ought to be an easy task;
I've given you many a worse.

Tell us of things around the school,
And make it local purely.
This is a simple thing to do;
You all can write one, surely."

Sunday, I sat down at my desk,
Refilled my bottle of ink,
And said, "Now what shall I relate?
Indeed, 'tis hard to think.

"There are the teachers strict, who make
Us arduous lessons learn;
There is the senior room, where eyes
Of lowly freshmen turn.

"I might tell of the special car,
What rough-house goes on there;
How windows break most every day;
How boys won't pay their fare.

Nor can I leave out Mr. "Kins,"
With ever ready smile;
And I must speak of old P. H.'s
Sandwiches so vile.

But I can't write a poem, although
With might and main,
I'd rather chop wood for a day,
Than try a task so vain.

CHARLES ARTHUR, '13.

SORROWS AT SHAW.

Who is it loves to work all day,
And give long lessons in a way
The teachers.

Who is it that with stormy look,
Will see if you are with a book
The teachers.

And when you come one minute late,
Who calmly say, "Sit down and wait,"
O, then you heartily hate
The teachers.

And when the lessons can't be done,
Will think how much they could achieve
To say, "You may come back at one?"
The teachers.

Yet all the seniors when they leave,
And go to college, can't conceive,
Will think how much they could achieve
With teachers.

ALFRED BIEDERMAN, '13.

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Then all the earth will be snow white
And I will wish that it were June
For then sweet Spring is at its height.

As soon as snow and ice are gone,
And flowers sweet delight us all,
I'll lie upon the fresh green lawn
And much will wish that it were Fall

Because there is all kinds of fun,
When I down to the game do stroll
And see a classmate make a run
That put the ball behind the goal

I never want what I have got,
Its always something else you see;
So whether be it cold or hot,
Just take it all contentedly.

Carl Maedje, '13

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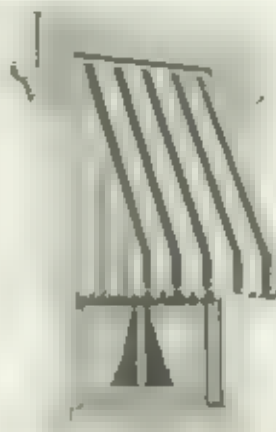
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